

The Centre Reporter.

OLD SERIES, XL.
NEW SERIES, XI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

NO. 15

THE CENTRE REPORTER. FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR.

It's time the Keeley motor begin to mope.
Belleville's tariff league can't raise the wind.
John Sherman's mind is fully made up not to decline.

We think it's time some one announce that the Delaware peach crop is going to be a failure, so that the season for snake stories don't get crowded too much.

It is a curious fact that while Queen Victoria speaks German in her home circle, the present German Empress disregards it in hers and uses English as much as possible. English is the fireside tongue of the Greek, Danish and Russian royal families.

The Democracy of old Centre will go into next fall's campaign in perfect harmony and sail thro the Republican camp like a Dakota blizzard; all who don't want to get snowed under or be blown to thunder, had best get themselves on the right side before the Democratic blizzard starts.

Disastrous floods are reported throughout Hungary. Thirty villages have been ruined and the town of Szathmar Remeth has been partly destroyed. The towns of Bekes and Csaba are menaced and the inhabitants are struggling for their lives against the overflow of the River Koros. Many houses have fallen.

The Philad. Times has polled Republican voters of five states for their presidential preferences and finds Blaine is the first choice. After him New York shows up for Depew and Sherman, while Pennsylvania is at sea. Ohio is for Sherman, Minnesota for Lincoln and Indiana for her own Harrison.

The local assembly of Knights of Labor at Shamokin has surrendered its charter and declared the strike off. The members are indignant at the treatment they have received from headquarters, and declare that they were not given the support due them. They numbered 350, and were all railroaders.

Licenses are being scaled down in Philadelphia. Out of 727 petitions acted upon from the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh wards, but 335 were granted. The refusals numbered 392. As against the 335 licenses granted, there are now 1,311 saloons operating in the seven wards under the old licenses. One of the most prominent resorts that has been refused a license is none other than Ridgway Park.

The people of several Dakota cities, who raise No. 1 blizzards, hearing of the blow that bound up New York last week at once, thro their mayors, offered to send the New York sufferers shipments of flour, money and even houses. We'll bet these Dakotans are whole souled chaps,—they send a young blizzard upon the east and almost on the heels of it offer to save the world from the blizzard. There's real goodness in 'em.

At Washington a few days ago the treaty for the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the United States was signed by the representatives of this Government and those of the Chinese Empire. One of its clauses provides that any Chinese resident of the United States who desires to return to his native country and then comes back here must prove that he has a family in this country or owns property here of the value of \$1,000.

If the Republicans of this country don't want to be wiped from the face of the earth, let them make all possible haste to abolish their tariff league, with headquarters at Belleville. The interests of the common classes, the farmer and workmen, lie in quite another direction. Messrs. Republicans, and such of your organs as the Chicago Tribune, and a score of your congressmen are cute enough to see it. On the high tariff issue the Centre county Republicans won't be able to make any show at all.

New York morning papers, of Monday and Tuesday, of last week, which should have reached us on evening of day issued, got here, on Saturday morning, following. The blizzard had bound them up somewhere in Jersey, we opine, buried in snow drifts yards in depth; what experiences they must have undergone! the outside world howling like pandemonium, while they rested snug underneath banks of fleecy snow. But they got here all the same, and seeming to say Howdy do; did you hear of a storm, a tarnation big blow, that went ahead of anything yet invented in these parts in the line of a blizzard? We tried to get here on time, but the wind was slightly against us.

SOUND TEACHING.

The Lock Haven Democrat makes these sensible remarks on disorganizers: "We don't admire Democrats so-called who are everlastingly hanging around the Republican camp; nor do we think much of Republicans who do the same thing. Such fellows are simply political greasers or guerillas, the sort of men who in war times belong to neither army but skulk through the woods, get behind trees and stumps and shoot or stab you in the back when you are not expecting an attack—the meanest kind of warfare and deprecated and despised by all right-thinking, honorable men.

"These are the sort of fellows who frequently bring disaster upon their party and who cause wrong in many instances to triumph over right. They are never to be trusted and should always be shunned and avoided. In fact they should be set down on; should be looked upon as political and social lepers and banished from the society of all men who claim to be actuated by purity of motive and who have well-defined ideas of government and moral obligations."

THE FARMER'S DEMAND.

The state grangers of Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois and Pennsylvania have sent to congress strong petitions asking for a removal of the tariff on iron, lumber, salt, sugar, wool and woolen goods. In one of these petitions it is stated that in the six years from 1880 to 1886 eighty-seven of the richest agricultural districts in Illinois suffered an actual loss of population and \$50,000,000 on their corn crop, showing that farmers not only made nothing in this period, but lost their work. It is also stated that farmers are fast passing under mortgage, and their nominal owners being reduced to the condition of the Irish tenantry—a condition which grows out of compelling husbandmen to pay protection duties for the enrichment of manufacturers. It is unjust, they say, to force farmers to sell their crops in open market in competition with similar crops raised by cheap labor in other parts of the world, while manufacturers are protected from competition by protective duties of twenty-five to one hundred per cent.

THE BIG STORM ANALYZED.

Washington, March 13.—At the Signal Office to-day it was learned that yesterday's storm was the result of the splitting of a storm, though that on the day before yesterday extended South from Michigan. Saturday night it divided, forming two storm centres, one in Lake Erie and one in Georgia. The Southern centre then began to climb up the coast, striking Washington yesterday morning. The centre itself did not reach here until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rain changed to snow. This rain fall amounted to about one and three quarters inches. The wind reached a velocity of twenty-six miles an hour at midnight, but subsided to about twenty miles this morning. Off Cape Henry the wind was blowing fifty-five miles yesterday.

STORMS IN EUROPE.

The whole northern and eastern portion of Germany has been visited by a very severe snow storm. There is so much ice that communication with Sweden has been suspended for ten days and with Denmark for six days. The Swedish envoys appointed to attend the funeral of Emperor William have not yet arrived in this city. Disastrous floods are reported throughout Hungary. Thirty villages have been ruined and the town of Szathmar-Nemeth has been partly destroyed. The towns of Bekes and Csaba are menaced and the inhabitants are struggling for their lives against the overflow of the river Koros. Many houses have fallen.

THE PAUPER MINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

From Philadelphia Record.
The cry about "high tariff wages" and "pauper labor" is a delusion and snare. American labor is paid less for mining a ton of coal or for making a yard of cloth than even the cheap labor of Germany, miserably paid as the Germans are. These truths should be published and studied throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The Supreme court has decided the case against Drawbaugh and in favor of the Bell monopoly. This will make Hello! and hallowing as expensive as ever, and the telephone monopoly more impudent than ever.

Three of the judges, Bradley, Fields and Harlan, siding with the Drawbaugh claim to priority of invention. Justice Gray and Lamar did not sit in the case. Within the last few days we have received sample copies of papers from different parts of Kansas, in which great inducements are held out for settlers to go there. We have also had several samples of blizzards, from same region of late, with equally big blow of that region.

Don't be in a hurry to get down your linen duster, until you hear from Dakota.

THE STRIKE STILL SPREADING.

EXTENDING FROM CANADA TO NEW MEXICO TERRITORY.

Chicago, March 16.—Thirty-two hundred miles of railway were tied up yesterday afternoon in exactly ten minutes by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and Fireman. The entire main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe company, and all branches, were brought to a stand-still. A stretch of territory from St. Paul on the north to El Paso on the south, practically the whole breadth of the United States, is now involved in a struggle that started between the Burlington company and its employees.

Albuquerque, N. M., March 16.—It is understood at this point that the cause of the strike on the Santa Fe is because of the company requesting the men to haul Burlington cars. A committee of engineers called on the manager and informed him of their determination. That official told the committee that the interstate commerce commission compelled them to handle Burlington cars. This the men refused to do. There are 2,000 engineers and firemen on the Santa Fe, and about 1,000 on the Atlantic and Pacific, who have refused to work. All passenger trains which started before 4 o'clock last evening are to be taken to their destination.

AT ITHICA, N. Y.

A horse owned by Highway Commissioner L. F. Colgrave became frightened at the approach of one of the cars on the Electric Railroad in State street and threw him on the pavement, breaking his collar bone and bruising him seriously around the head. The horse then dashed through the front door of a small house on Meadow street, leaving the carriage at the portal. A family named Wright, who lived in the house, were at breakfast. The horse cleared the table in good shape turned over the cookstove, and plunged through the chamber door upon the sickbed of a woman very ill with scarlet fever.

Crawling between the prancing legs of the now thoroughly frenzied animal, the woman managed to reach the street in her night dress unharmed. She was removed to a neighbor's. The interior of the house invaded by the horse looks as if it had been visited by a cyclone.

The Belleville Republican seems to be taking the tariff infection from the Philadelphia Press, which has an eye to building up monopolies. You are wrong in your course, good neighbor. High protective tariffs have had their day, and the cry don't take with the masses any more—they see it is all a delusion and a snare. People don't desire to be taxed for all they eat and wear, to make the millionaire richer. The Republican should advocate the interests of the commoners and toiling masses, it is from these our neighbor has its living. The Democracy have a high protective policy—it is the highest kind of protection for the people against the exactions of the millionaire and monopolist. This is the protection that our farmers and working men need and they are beginning to see it. What we want is protection against sharks. Make the farmer and working man richer, not the capitalist—that's the true policy.

In spite of all rumors and reports to the contrary, nothing definite is yet known as to the whereabouts of Stanley and Emin Pacha. It is only known that they are in the heart of Africa somewhere, but whether living or dead is uncertain. No direct news has come from the exploring expedition in more than six months. Stanley was due at Wadelai sometime last October, and it was expected that he would communicate with the outside world at that point, but no tidings have come. The prolonged silence has naturally given rise to feelings of grave apprehension, and the fear begins to prevail that the brave Stanley and his comrades have met with some serious disaster.

The latest reports from China place the number of lives lost in the great floods along the Yellow river, some months ago, at not less than a million and a half. If this tremendous slaughter had taken place in any European country or in America, it would have been the greatest sensation of the age, but as it is, few people in the United States know or care anything about the matter. This is a pretty big world when a million and a half of lives lost in one corner of it creates hardly a ripple in the rest.

One of the unfortunate passengers in the South Carolina railroad wreck, before he expired, wrote his will on a piece of board, conveying all his property to his daughter.

Congress proposes to investigate the strikes. Congress itself has made the biggest strike for big wages, and about a dozen years ago, struck high for back pay.

STOPPED THE TRIAL.

A MAN SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED TURNS UP.

Bonham, Tex., March 17.—The District Court room was crowded yesterday to hear the trial of James Scarlett, charged with the murder of Andy Laceyfield, in 1885.

At the last term of the Court Scarlett was sentenced to be hanged, but a new trial was granted on account of an error in the jury's return of their verdict. The two were running a whisky boat on Red River and smuggling whisky to the Indians. One night they quarrelled over a game of cards in which Laceyfield was winner. Laceyfield lay down upon a cot and went to sleep, when Scarlett shot him through the head. Scarlett then forced two boys to help him put the body in a boat and carry it some distance down the river, where it was thrown overboard.

Scarlett was captured in the Indian Territory, and the boy's testimony convicted him. After the case was called yesterday, Andy Laceyfield appeared in the Court House and was fully identified. He bears the scars inflicted by Scarlett, and says he wishes now he had staid away till his assailant could have been hanged.

A HIGH PROTECTION TRUST.

The first thing the Sugar Trust did was to close up half a dozen large refineries, throw several thousand men out of work and reduce the wages of the remaining workmen, and then put up the price of sugar. But we venture the prediction, that the high tariff organs will soon muster up courage enough to declare that the closing of refineries, discharge of workmen, etc., were the direct result of the "depression of trade on account of the effect on the people of the threatened tariff reductions."

Boycotting is to have a trial in the Pittsburgh courts. Brace Brothers, laundry proprietors, have entered suit for damages to recover \$10,000 from P. W. Joyce, president of the trades assembly; George Davey, ex-district master workman Knights of Labor; J. M. Kelley, proprietor of the Commoner, and others. Some time ago the laundry proprietors had some difficulty with their female employees. A strike was inaugurated, and the trades assembly appointed a boycott committee to fight the firm. The defendants comprise this committee and represent all the principal labor organizations in this city. The firm alleges that the defendants conspired to ruin their business, followed their agents with tumult and noise, until both their agents and customers were about to desert them. They circulated reports, marked the houses of patrons, and have collected \$4,000 to hire people to destroy their business. The suit has caused great excitement in labor circles. The tradesmen's assembly last night voted one day's pay to the striking girls. Late last night a circular announcing the result was placed on the streets.

The strike on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system is said to have already cost that corporation over six million dollars, and some of the stockholders talk of having a receiver appointed in order to put an end to the trouble. If all the collateral losses growing out of the movement of the engineers and fireman could be correctly computed the figures would frighten conservative people. The strikers have literally taken the bite between their teeth, and refused to recognize the authority of their officials, threaten to still further extend the disturbance and paralyze business over a much wider section, by striking a road at a time until the Burlington is compelled to surrender. The trying up of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system has practically isolated a large part of the West from the East, and will do no end of damage to trade.

AN EXCELLENT INVESTMENT.

The majority of men in middle life remember when Illinois or Wisconsin lands were thought dear at \$2.50 per acre. Present value, \$25.00 to \$50.00 an acre. Careful examination of the records has discovered a number of scattered pieces of the very choicest land in Minnesota included in original land grant lying near railroads recently built, and adjacent to market. These will be sold cheap, and in five or ten years will unquestionably be worth several times present price. A profitable investment. For further particulars, state quantity desired and address J. Bookwalter, Land Comr. St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

AN ESCAPING BURGLAR CUT IN HALF.

New Bloomfield, March 17.—The store of Mark Dukes at Newport was broken into last night and robbed of a quantity of jewelry, pistols, etc. The thieves then jumped on a freight train and started for Harrisburg. At Duncan one of the men fell off and was cut in two by the cars and his comrades jumped off to assist him. The quantity of jewelry that was found on the dead man aroused suspicion and the men were detained until Officer Root, from Harrisburg, came up, when he arrested them. They are now in jail in this place. They confess the robbery.

—Wide cream and black silk lace.—Garman.
—New linsens and china.—Garman.

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT ON A SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

A TRAIN THROWN FROM A TRESTLE AND TWENTY-THREE PERSONS KILLED.

Charleston, S. C., March 18.—A fearful accident occurred near Blackshear, Ga., yesterday morning, on the Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad. The first section of the south-bound train went through the trestle over the Hurricane river, 75 miles south of Savannah, and the entire train was wrecked. Nineteen persons were reported killed and 36 wounded.

Of the killed nine were white and eight negroes. Of the wounded 10 are ladies and 20 white males, and six white children. The train consisted of baggage cars, smoking car, two Pullmans and a private palace car of the Lehigh Valley railroad, in which George Gould, son of Jay Gould, and party, were traveling. George was on his way to meet his father, who is expected at St. Augustine shortly. The engine train was wrecked. George Gould escaped injury, but his wife was painfully hurt.

The engine went over the trestle safely, and ran on to Blackshear, where physicians were speedily sent to the scene. Among the killed were A. C. Fulton, master of transportation of the Brunswick and Western Railroad, and Meritt A. Wilbur, son of the president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. President Wilbur and his other two sons, W. A. and R. H., were among the injured.

Some of the dead have been sent to their former homes and others will be buried and sent. The severely wounded are still at Waycross. Mr. Gould and his wife and the Wilbur family are at Blackshear, near the scene of the accident, and a special car has been placed at their disposal by the Savannah, Florida and Western Railway.

The trestle of Hurricane river is about 800 feet in length, and the break includes 400 feet at the west end. The tender and the engine lodged against the abutment. The baggage car left the track on the trestle, which accounts for the accident. The ties show where the truck cut deep into them. It was this car that careened the rear cars and by its strain dragged the tender down, the engine having safely crossed over.

Had it not been for the presence of mind of Engineer Richard Welch a much more horrible fate would have been in store for the wounded. Hurriedly dispatching the engine with a fireman to Blackshear he ran down to the wreck and with the assistance of the portor of the Pullman car Minerva extinguished the fire which had broken out in the baggage car. The part of the trestle which was destroyed is being rebuilt and direct connection will be reopened with Florida Tuesday morning. The accident is the first of the kind that has ever occurred on the road since it was built 35 years ago.

LICENSE LIGHTNING.

The applicants who got license and those who didn't are given below.

GRANTED.

In Belleville borough—W. R. Teller, G. B. Brandon, Daniel Garman, Phillipsburg borough—James Passmore, Cardon & Showers, S. B. Rowe, Peter Ashcroft.

Howard borough—John Newson. Boggs township—Alois Kohlbecker. Centre Hall D. J. Meyer. Potter township—John Odenkirk. Penn township—Reuben V. Shaffer. Snow, Shoe—John G. Uzzie, Mary C. Nolan.

Walker township—Henry Robb. Haines township—O. W. Van Valin & Co. Spring township—Gottlieb Haag. Gregg township—D. H. Rhule.

REFUSED.

Belleville borough—Albert Rhorish, John Anderson. Phillipsburg borough—Robert Taylor, Jeffrey Hayes, Mrs. Sarah Goodrich. Snow, Shoe—Sydney & Furey. Potter township—Samuel Barria. Liberty township—James I. DeLong. Milheim borough—Wm. S. Musser. Benner township—Catherine Hass, Mrs. Maggie Bousch.

HELD OVER FOR APRIL COURT.

Phillipsburg borough—John Ramsdall, William Parker. Haines township—W. W. Eby.

SHE LIVED 122 YEARS.

Newark, N. J., March 12.—Sylvia Dubois, the famous negress of the Sour Land Mountain, in this state, was one of the victims of the blizzard. She died sometime during the week in her cabin, probably from the effects of the cold. She was one hundred and twenty-two years old beyond doubt. She was born in the valley below Sour Land, an dwas the slave of a man named Dubois for years. Then she was sold to a man who kept a hotel at Grand Bend, Pa. Then she became famed for her feats of strength and the prize-fights in which she engaged. She boasted that she never was beaten and had knocked out scores of the strongest men. One day she got angry at her mistress and nearly killed her. She picked up her child and fled across the Susquehanna and tramped all the way to Sour Land mountain, where she lived the rest of her life.

Her fondness for fighting, for liquor and her profanity soon made her notorious.

SYMPATHY FOR NEW YORK.

The Northwest Poking Fun at the Blizzard Stricken City.

New York, March 16.—New York's present embarrassing predicament and total helplessness strikes the people who abide in the Northwest, the home of the blizzard, as being extremely ludicrous and to-day they give vent to their mirth in the following telegrams, which they no doubt regard the best joke of the season:

BISMARCK, DAKOTA, March 15.
Mayor Hewitt, New York:
Subscription papers reported passed throughout Dakota for aid of storm sufferers in New York and surrounding country. Citizens of the Territory express deep sympathy for your people, and are responding liberally. Would you prefer clothes or food, or both?

J. M. QUINN, Bismarck Tribune.
HURON, DAKOTA, March 15.
Mayor Hewitt, N. Y.:
Huron, Dakota, under a mild spring, now sends her sympathy to blizzard-stricken New York. If needed, you may draw on us for \$50 to relieve the storm sufferers.

A despatch signed "Chamber Commerce," Bismarck, Dak., read:
Bismarck stands ready to give substantial aid to blizzard sufferers of New York. Let us know your needs. M. H. JAWELL.
"Many Citizens" sent a despatch from St. Paul, Minn., which said:

The city of St. Paul tenders to New York her sympathy for the damage to life and property occasioned by the blizzard now raging in your city. Unaccustomed to storms of such severity as to cause railroad and telegraphic isolation from the outside world, and never having had people frozen to death in the streets, we shall be glad to contribute to any relief fund which may be started for your afflicted people. Weather here yesterday and to-day mild and beautiful.

Russia's Big Blizzard.

ODessa, March 16.—Odessa and the region outlying have been visited by a tremendous wind and snow storm, which still prevails. Many of the streets of this place are impassable, and numerous accidents are reported. No mails are arriving or being despatched from here.

Rivers on a Rampage.

FORT ASSINIBOINE, MONT., March 16.—A general thaw and flood is in progress. The ice in the Missouri River has broken up. The bridges on the Manitoba Railroad along Milk River, are expected to be swept away at any moment. The one at Teton is gone. Rivers are rising rapidly and great damage is anticipated.

Pretty Faces Should Be Seen.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—The resolution offered by Congressman Thomas, of Illinois, prohibiting the use of the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland or others for advertising purposes without consent was adversely reported in the House this morning.

Two Murders and a Suicide.

DIXON, ILL., March 16.—Samuel Whitmeyer killed George Albright, shot Barbara Albright, and blew his own brains out, yesterday, near Polo, in Ogle County.

The Blizzard Reaches Scotland.

LONDON, March 16.—The snow storm and gale in Scotland are increasing in violence. Roads and railways are completely blocked.

Missing With Five Men.

NEW YORK, March 16.—The pilot boat W. H. Starbuck, No. 6, is about given up for lost, with five men on board of her.

Jay Gould Coming Home.

NEW YORK, March 16.—A message received yesterday from Jay Gould says he left St. Thomas Tuesday evening.

Through a Trestle.

WICKIPPO, March 12.—A train on the Canadian Pacific Railway went through a high trestle at Heron Bay, east of Port Arthur yesterday. Ten cars were smashed to atoms, and it is reported that three employees were killed.

Don't Want American Pork.

COPENHAGEN, March 12.—A Government order is published, forbidding the importation from America of bacon and steam lard, and other undressed pork products. The order goes into effect immediately.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Both political parties in Milwaukee are fighting the labor movement.

The accounts of ex-Treasurer Jones, of Dauphin County, Pa., are now reported to show a deficit of \$10,000.

O. F. White, a well known business man of Jamestown, N. Y., committed suicide to escape financial trouble.

"Alexander has promised me that he will not make war against us," said a man who has been the last words of Emperor William.

Gen. McMahon, it is said, is to succeed Mr. Pearson as postmaster at New York. McMahon is at present United States Marshal.

News from Boston says society there takes John L. Sullivan's failure to whip Mitchell very much to heart. The city is in mourning.

George Brown shot and killed his father-in-law name Sanders, in Bedford county, Pa., for harboring Brown's divorced wife. Lynching is threatened.

Mary Kelly, aged nine years, died of hydrophobia at Winchester, N. Y., last Thursday evening. She was bitten by a Newfoundland dog two months ago.

The ice in the Hudson is breaking up as far north as Croton Point, and should the weather hold warm efforts will be made in a few days to reach Poughkeepsie by steamboat.

Thomas Jones, a colored mulatto, guilty of a criminal assault upon a five-year-old daughter of Mr. Holmes, of Scotland, Pa., escaped from an officer while being taken to Harrisburg by leaping from a train going forty miles an hour. He was instantly killed.

Vlad and Norema have accepted the challenge of Louise Arrando, the champion woman bicycle rider, for a 142-hours' race against any two pedestrians, for \$500 a side. The race will probably take place in Philadelphia about the 1st of April.

The first public test of the Edison electric motor in this country was made at Buffalo by the Buffalo Street Railroad Company Saturday. The motor is similar to those in use in London, and is of the storage battery style, carrying a charge of electricity lasting four hours.

THE GREAT STORM.

General Stoppage of Traffic.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 13.—The Delaware Railroad Company has succeeded in re-establishing telegraphic communication along its line, and, through the courtesy of Superintendent Mills, *Every Evening* has just been furnished with the following dispatch:

"I send the following report from Lewes this morning: One tug boat sunk out of sight; wrecking company steamer sunk near railroad pier, one tug ashore; 23 sailing vessels of various kinds ashore; heaviest loss ever occurred in that harbor; it is estimated that about 25 lives were lost; but two bodies recovered as yet.

Reports have also reached here that the iron railroad pier at Lewes parted in the middle during the storm, leaving some people on the outer end of it, whose fate is unknown.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., March 13.—As yet no railroad communication has been had, and the snow blockade on the Media and Frazer lines remains unbroken, but it is thought that trains will be running by to-morrow morning. This morning sixteen of the one hundred snow-bound passengers at Frazer started to walk to this place, a distance of only seven miles, and eleven of them came through, while the others became exhausted and sought shelter in farm houses along the way. The report is that over one hundred men, women and children slept in the little station at Frazer, and all they could get to eat this morning was a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. During the night the floor of the waiting room took fire from the open fire-place, and it was only through the utmost and timely efforts that the flames were extinguished and the building saved.

At Woodland Station there are two trains covered with snow, with only about three feet of the smoke stack showing. Five locomotives reached here from Media to-night, and these will be used in the morning for clearing the blocked trains at Woodland. The passengers of these trains have taken refuge in the farm houses of the neighborhood. Conductor Griffith and Baggage Master Munshower and Engineer Buxton, all of this place, who were injured in the collision yesterday at Clifton, are reported doing well. No mail whatever has been received or sent since Saturday last, and business has been greatly impeded. At some points on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Central Railroad there are cuts twenty feet deep completely filled with snow, and the same condition exists on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad. Postmaster Pyle of this place, has an office filled with accumulated mail matter awaiting transportation.

NORRISTOWN, March 13.—The blizzard that has prevailed since Sunday night in this section of country shows little improvement this evening. Business has been at a standstill. The telegraph and telephone wires are down to-day in every direction save a wire connecting with Reading. The street car lines are idle. One car was run last evening with four horses. On the return trip, within an eighth of a mile of the stable, the horses had to be taken off and the car abandoned. Many of the streets are closed to travel, the drifts at some points being neck high. A train and two locomotives on the Stony Creek Railroad have been stuck in the snow at Beltry, five miles from here, since 7 A. M. yesterday. Passengers, upon alighting from the train to trudge their way to the nearest habitation, stepped into snow banks waist high.

Relief engines have been sent out, and only reached the snow-bound trains with the utmost difficulty, and one of these was unable to get back. Station Agent Althouse says it will require two days to open the road for traffic. No effort has been made to operate the Plymouth Railroad.

Not more than a half dozen trains made trips over the Germantown and Norristown Railroad yesterday, and none to-day until 12 o'clock noon, when it became possible for two powerful locomotives to draw three or four coaches from Philadelphia to Norristown in two hours.

In the vicinity of Bellevue one of the tracks is buried under nine feet of snow, and will likely not be opened before Thursday. Two locomotives are held by the snow. Near this point, on the Richmond branch, stands a coal train more than half hidden by snow, and so firmly held that the locomotive can only move it by taking one car at a time and drawing it to some siding that is not snow-covered.

The Reading Railroad main road is lined with detained trains almost from the Belmont bridge to Pottsville. Only the west bound train is in use between Pottsville and Bridgeport. The other track is effectively blocked at several points. At Merion Station, near the noon express, that should have reached Philadelphia yesterday about 12:30 P. M.

At Port Indian, a few miles above Norristown, is another train, at which a force of men are digging and shoveling. Nearly opposite Phoenixville, yesterday, a train became lodged in a snow bank, and the passengers were put to severe straits for the time in their efforts to keep warm and procure food. A train that left Philadelphia about 5 P. M., yesterday could get no farther than Franklin avenue, one of the company's stations here, where it arrived after a four hours' journey.

Court has adjourned until the jurors from the country districts can get in, only 22 of the 60 jurors being present. The case of John Pawlik, indicted for murder for the killing of Frank Greko at Pottsville on Thanksgiving day last, was called yesterday, but, owing to the absence of a sufficient number of jurors, had to be abandoned for the present, and the present outlook is favorable to a continuance until next term.

READING, Pa., March 13.—The Reading Company partially succeeded in releasing their snow-bound trains on the main-line to-day.

The Williamsport express was 12 hours late reaching Reading to-day. The Lebanon Valley branch, between

here and Harrisburg, is open, and trains are making fair time. No further trouble is expected west of Reading, unless the wind should increase in velocity. The East Penn branch, between Reading and Allentown, is still badly blocked.

Information was received here to-night that the railroad bridge at Albany station, on this branch, was completely demolished by the storm, there being nothing left but the rails. It will require a week or more to repair this bridge. The Reading and Columbia branch is also badly blocked, and several wrecks are reported. A train came through from Ephrata to-day, with three locomotives, but this evening the tracks are reported in worse condition than ever. The Wilmington and Northern Railroad between Reading and Coatesville is in bad shape, and there is no telling when it will open for travel—it may take three days and probably longer.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have had great trouble south of Reading, but Superintendent Reed hopes to have all trains running by to-morrow, if the storm abates. Reports from Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Mauch Chunk and Slatington show the storm to have been unusually severe. Trains are snowbound in all directions and telegraph and telephone wires prostrated. The stages from all sections have failed to reach their destination, and in many instances the mails have been removed and the vehicles abandoned.

Reports received here by telephone from Lancaster, Lebanon, Dauphin, Lehigh, Bucks, Montgomery, Chester and all points in Berks counties, show that the storm was the most severe ever experienced in Eastern Pennsylvania. The country roads are absolutely impassable, the drifts being from 6 to 15 feet deep and packed as solidly as to bear a person. As an illustration of the condition of affairs, of the 3000 country people who usually attend the Reading markets on Tuesday, only 28 succeeded in reaching the city, and these came from the suburbs at 7 o'clock this afternoon.

The wind is still blowing, and the snow is drifting very badly, but indications point to a change for the better. Six hundred men were sent out to-day from Reading to shovel out snow-bound trains, and it is reported that many of them were badly frost bitten. They were taken from the car shops and are mostly mechanics.

The storm of to-night threatens to stop all traffic on the main line of the Reading by morning. The Perkiomen, Colebrookdale and other branch roads are under snow from five to fifteen feet. A number of industrial establishments are closed down because their employees are snowed in at their homes. A number of houses and barns have been unroofed, and it is feared that some lives have been lost in the extreme country districts.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., March 13.—The fearful storm seems abating. Telegraphic communication was all cut off yesterday. Previous to 1 o'clock to-day no Philadelphia mail arrived for 24 hours. Up passenger trains were four to eight hours late. The Williamsport midnight express was arrived at 11:15 hours late. There have been no trains through in 24 hours on the Colebrookdale Railroad, and three passenger trains were blocked all day on that road, one having three engines. Country people cannot reach town except on foot, and some walked in over eight miles. Business has been almost at a standstill. There has been no snow storm in 40 years like this.

LANCASTER, Pa., March 13.—The news express on the Pennsylvania Railroad due here at 6:30 yesterday morning, arrived here after noon to-day, having been over 30 hours on the road. Last night was spent at Leaman Place. Four engines were unable to penetrate the snow drifts, which in many places were 15 and 20 feet deep and 100 yards long. The country roads in this county are all impassable, the fields being exclusively for what little travel there is. Travel has also been suspended on the Quarryville Railroad.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., March 13.—The storm to-day was even more severe than that of yesterday. No mails from Philadelphia and New York have been received for the past 48 hours. The farmers have been completely blocked out, the roads being badly drifted.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., March 13.—All industries and business are completely paralyzed by the storm and there is no sign of its abating. Only a dozen colliers in the entire region worked to-day, and these with only small forces. The Reading Company had thirty-one idle.

On the Lehigh Valley Railroad coal traffic is entirely suspended. Not a passenger train is being run, and only one train has reached here since Sunday over the Pennsylvania road. The Reading road is making a more marvellous record. Local passenger trains are running regularly, and delays result only from main line connections. South of here the road is open, but north, cuts on all the roads are drifted, especially so on the Lehigh and Pennsylvania lines, trains being snowbound on these lines. The trains on the Reading main line to-night are from one to two hours late.

The Philadelphia morning papers and mails did not reach the city until to-night, and the first mail from New York since Saturday arrived by the same train.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 13.—Such a blockade as has existed upon the railroad and telegraph lines in this section of the State for the past two days has not been known in many years. No trains arrived in Harrisburg from Philadelphia after 6:40 yesterday until 3 o'clock this afternoon, when the train which stuck in the snow bank at Downingtown pulled through with the aid of three engines.

Another train, which has been lying at Coatesville, reached here with five locomotives at 4 o'clock. All trains arriving from the West after three o'clock yesterday afternoon were held here, until late this afternoon, when the blockade was partially lifted and travel eastward was resumed. It is now thought the worst is over, though it is snowing and blowing very hard at

intervals to-night. Travel north, south and west of this city is not affected.

New York, March 13.—Forty trains were blocked to-day between New York and Albany. Of this number 18 were between this city and Yonkers. Only one train was moved this side of Utica, that was the St. Louis express; which was pulled out of a snowbank near Spuyten Duyvil. This train left Buffalo at 6 o'clock on Sunday night. It was stalled at 8 o'clock on Monday a short distance from Spuyten Duyvil Station. The train could not make any further progress because there was no water in the engine. The passengers suffered greatly from lack of food and water. A party of 8 or 10 started out this morning to make their way to Fordham. They had gone but two car lengths when the impracticability of the scheme was demonstrated.

At 6 o'clock this evening six locomotives made their way through the drift to the release of the train, and it was brought into the freight yard in this city. Among the passengers were several members of the Assembly. The World's summing up of the situation is as follows: Not a train in or out of New York to-day. Not a single mail was received or sent. To all intents and purposes, New York was completely cut off from the outer world as if located in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company had 4000 men engaged to-night shoveling snow from its tracks, and hopes to send a train through to Philadelphia.

Fresh beef and vegetables will be scarce by Thursday, and, as a matter of fact, New York is seldom provisioned beyond 48 hours, and we have received no supplies since Saturday last.

Such dispatches as have been received here from points in the interior of the State indicate that the storm has been equally severe in every section. Despatches have been received from Buffalo, Saratoga, Utica, Syracuse and Albany. They all speak of the unprecedented fall of snow, of a terrific gale and of blocked railroads. There are only 24 members of the Legislature in Albany, and the Legislature has been obliged to adjourn for want of a quorum. At one A. M. the weather here was somewhat moderated. The fall of snow has ceased and the atmosphere is brighter.

Many trains are stalled between stations on the Hudson River and Harlem Road. Officials said yesterday that 40 trains were snowed in, and their efforts to break through the snow drifts had completely failed. Not a train reached the depot during the day. Most roads report similar conditions of affairs. Passengers suffered great discomfort. Ferry boats are only run at long intervals. All Eastern wires are down.

One of the most serious results of the blizzard is an impending milk famine. There is a great scarcity of milk everywhere. All the supply has been cut off. Scarcely any has been received since Sunday, and already there is such suffering among children of tender age, whose diet is chiefly milk.

TRAINS AGAIN MOVE.

Passengers and Mails Arrive.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 15.—The first through train from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania road reached here this morning. It brought mail matter from Philadelphia, but not a pound from New York. Passengers who have been on delayed trains tell of sufferings. One said that a number of congressmen en route to Washington, when they found they were snowed out, indulged in a game of poker, and drank whisky until the supply was exhausted.

At points between Harrisburg and Philadelphia the snow had drifted 50 feet. Many houses were completely covered and the only sign of habitation was smoke issuing from chimneys. At many places the occupants of houses did not even attempt to dig a way out. There are about 125 tons of mail matter due in this city from the East, and the Post-master is taken all possible measures with the limited capacity at his command to handle it when it arrives. The weather is bright and moderating.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 15.—This city is again in communication with the outer world by the various railroads running through here. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was open to New York this evening. All local roads in the valley are blocked with coal trains and no freights as yet have reached here from New York or Philadelphia this week. Merchants report a great scarcity in many lines of goods, amounting almost to a famine.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., March 15.—The first train from Wilkesbarre since Saturday reached here at noon to-day, thus completely lifting the blockade on the Lehigh Valley and Pennsylvania routes north of this place. Passengers spent two days in a train near Lofty, while several miles of cuts were being shovelled out. Nearly all the colliers were working during the week, and the wheels of industry are going along lively again.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., March 15.—A fatal accident took place at the Three Bridges, on the New Jersey Central Railroad, this morning. Five Lehigh Valley engines were trying to push a snow plough through a drift, and collided with a snow-bound train. Theodore Alton, John Ballman and Fireman Frank Derr were killed and a half-dozen others were injured, including Roadmaster Caffery, of Easton.

Richard Kner, a passenger train brakeman of the Lehigh Valley road, is missing since Saturday night. He went out to flag a train and is supposed to have perished in the storm. The first train from Philadelphia since Monday arrived in Allentown to-day. Twenty-five engines are snow bound and the fires drawn on the Jersey Central road.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., March 15.—On Monday John Henrigan left Milltown to walk to Raritan. He has not been heard of since. Neighbors

yesterday found his wife dead in bed and his children starving.

Reports are coming in from the country of fatalities resulting from the storm. Fourteen persons are known to have perished in Essex county, and five are missing.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Telegraphic communication with nearly all points outside Philadelphia, interrupted by the great storm of the 11th and 12th and on the evening of the 12th had not been restored, and only a few news despatches were received. At 11:30 P. M. the agent in sent the following to the different offices: Trains snowbound on all the railroads in Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, and the telegraph wires were down in all directions. Train wrecks were reported at Meyerstown and Friztown. The drifts were from eight to twelve feet in depth, and in the coal regions the depth was 18 inches on level. It is said that two or three days will be required to clear the Lehigh Valley tracks. At Shamokin snow drifted so badly as to almost stop mining and railroad traffic. At Reading the storm blocked out all country roads, filled railroad cuts, prostrated telegraph poles, and was unprecedented in its fury. In the vicinity of that city houses and barns were unroofed. George Christman, a Reading Railroad signal tower watchman, walked into a drift, and while blinded by the snow was struck by a train and killed. A freight train on the Reading Railroad was wrecked at Gordon Station on Sunday night, about 50 cars being piled up. The brakes could not be worked. West Chester, Penna., had no communication with outside places yesterday. The trains that started for Philadelphia were snow-bound on the Frazer branch and on the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad. On the evening of the 12th the trains were still fast. The schools were without teachers and pupils.

—Louis Richter shot and killed his cousin, Louisa Smith, aged 17, in Evansville, Indiana, on the afternoon of the 8th and then killed himself. Richter was in love with the girl, but she did not seem to reciprocate his affections, and it is thought this unbalanced mind. At New Era, Tennessee, on the afternoon of the 11th, Rufus Kittrell, a merchant, and his son George quarreled with a rival merchant, named Ferris Ernshtein, and his son. A fight followed, in which old Kittrell was killed and young Kittrell was mortally wounded. Ferris Ernshtein was also wounded. It is said the elder Kittrell has killed seven men since the war. Louis Blech, who was shot by George A. Kimball the bank robber, in Bradford, Pennsylvania, died on the afternoon of the 9th.

—Wm A. Parker was arrested in Washington, North Carolina for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. On the evening of the 12th he was taken from the jail and hanged to the bridge. On the body was a placard with the inscription, "Justice at last." Parker was tried for the assassination of General Bryan Grimes, seven or eight years ago. He had been heard to boast of the deed upon several occasions when in liquor. At Cottonwood, in the Indian Territory, on the 12th, W. Y. Yarbrough shot at a man named Massey. Part of the charge struck his wife in the breast, killing her. Massey then killed Yarbrough and gave himself up to the authorities. An Italian named Onorato was killed and two others severely injured on the 12th by the premature explosion of a blast near Burgelstown Pa.

—In a wreck near Huntington, Pa., the 12th, caused by a broken axle throwing several cars of a freight train immediately in front of an express train. Robert Gardner, engineer, and Charles Meyer, fireman, both of Harrisburg, were killed. No passengers were dangerously hurt. The freight wreck occurred just before the express dashed around a curve. It is reported that an accident has happened on the Canadian Pacific Railway at North Bay, Manitoba. The railroad officials will give no information, but it is said that no lives were lost.

—The snow blockade on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburgh was considered at an end on the 14th. On the evening of the 14th a despatch from Reading stated that the Reading and Pennsylvania roads and all their branches were open to passenger travel. The Wilmington and Northern and Schuylkill and Lehigh are still securely tied up. The first snow-bound coal trains commenced moving on the evening of the 14th. At some places in the Pocono Mountains the Lackawanna Railroad tracks are covered with snow to a depth of 25 feet. No mails have been received at Scranton from New York or Philadelphia since the 10th. Not one colliery in the Lackawanna or Wyoming Valley was in operation on the 14th. Seven hundred telegraph poles are down along the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington.

—A locomotive on the Third Avenue Elevated Road, New York, on the morning of the 12th, ran the rear of a crowded train at the Seventy-sixth Street Station. An engineer was killed and several passengers were injured.

—Two Hungarians were run over by a train near Shenandoah, Penna., on the 12th. One was killed, the other fatally injured.

—Intelligence was received in Victoria, British Columbia, on the 14th, of the drowning of Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Mrs. R. Cunningham and two Indians on the Ikiena river, on February 22. It is thought the Sheldon referred to is the noted Indian Missionary, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who is in charge of Indian Schools in Alaska under direction of the Government.

—John Skinner, a notorious rough, was taken from the jail at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, at half-past 1 o'clock on the morning of the 14th, and lynched by a mob. He was charged with attempt to kill.

—Daniel Bowman, a wealthy farmer, was found murdered in a field near

Lima, Ohio, on the morning of the 13th. He received \$1000 for a sale of cattle on the 14th, and is supposed to have been followed by a robber. Deputy Sheriff G. W. Cook, on the 14th, shot and killed Deputy United States Marshal Catlin in a house of ill repute in Raton, New Mexico. They renewed a quarrel begun at the last election. Near Winchester, Ohio, on the evening of the 14th, a mob of farmers tarred and feathered two Mormon elders, who had been holding proselytizing meetings in a school house, and chased them across the Ohio river.

—A tow boat with a tow of coal grounded on Brown's Island, near Steubenville, Ohio, on the evening of the 14th, and two steamers which followed also grounded with the greater portion of their tows. Altogether 17 boats and barges are aground, and the Ohio river is completely blocked. Other coal barges have been stuck in the same river within a few days, and the total loss is estimated at over \$75,000.

—A telegram from Buenos Ayres, dated the 14th inst., says that in many towns in the Argentine Republic small-pox "has broken out in alarming proportions."

—A general thaw and flooding is in progress at Fort Assinaboine, Montana. The ice on the Missouri river has broken up. The bridges on the Manitoba Railroad along Milk river are expected to be swept away.

—Reports from Kansas City are to the effect that the great wheat fields were never in better condition at this time of year than at present. The wheat is all up and of even growth. Cattle and sheep are in excellent condition, and the losses are less than in any preceding winter.

—Eli Davis, colored, accused of arson, was taken from the custody of an officer on a railroad train, at Woodland Mills, Tennessee, on the morning of the 15th, by six masked men, and hanged to a tree.

—The reports received at the central office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York, on the afternoon of the 15th, show that the late storm was of comparatively local character. It did not extend further South than Alexandria, Virginia; West, further than Pittsburgh and Buffalo, North, further than Saratoga, and East further than Boston. Boston can only be reached by one wire, and points in the West, by way of Chicago, Pittsburgh and Buffalo. Great difficulty is experienced in transporting linemen by rail to points where lines are to be repaired.

—A train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was thrown from the track near Binghamton, New York, on the morning of the 16th, by the spreading of the rails, and the cars tumbled down a 30-foot embankment and were wrecked and burned. The passengers crawled out of the windows as best they could. A number were injured, nine severely. One of the injured was reported dying. One of the cars of a construction train on the Mexican Railway, containing 30 men, jumped the track and rolled down an embankment near Saltillo on the 14th. Six men were killed and 20 badly injured. Two freight trains on the Southern Pacific Railroad collided at Calton, California, on the evening of the 15th, killing Conductor McGuire and Brakeman Van Meter. A freight train on the Southern Pacific Railroad was derailed by a misplaced switch, at White Water, Arizona Territory, on the 15th. Conductor Johnson and Brakeman Harry Smith were killed. Thirteen cars, filled with freight, were burned. A train on the West Shore road was derailed at Fort Jackson, on the 16th, by spreading rails. Several train hands were hurt, but the passengers escaped uninjured.

—At Cremora, Virginia, on the 15th, a man named Arnold accidentally dropped a pistol from his pocket. The pistol exploded, and the ball fatally wounded the wife of Arnold's brother and killed her child, who was sitting beside her. John Galbraith, one of the best-known members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in New York State, was, it is feared, fatally burned on the 16th. He is 66 years old, and bed-ridden and lame, and was unable to escape from the fire which he accidentally kindled in his bed while attempting to light his pipe.

—The call for the National Prohibition Convention to be held at Indianapolis on June 6th, the same day on which the Democratic National Convention assemblies at St. Louis, has been revoked, and a new order issued fixing May 30th as the day. The Prohibition State Convention of Indiana met in Indianapolis on the 15th, and nominated a ticket, headed by Rev. J. S. Hughes for Governor.

—It is said that nearly 30 deaths are known to have occurred in New York city and its suburbs from the storm on the 12th. Mrs. John Magee, of Derby, Connecticut, was buried in a snow drift on the 12th, and her body has not been found. David Currie and Thomas Davis, milkmen, are missing. Carrie Fuss and Lena Mauk, factory girls who started to walk home in the storm on the evening of the 12th in Jersey City, have not been heard of since. A snow plough drawn by four engines, which left White Plains, New York, on the morning of the 16th, ran off the track at Sharon in the afternoon. The following men were killed: Thomas Feeny, conductor; George Fowler, engineer; Charles Orban, brakeman, and Thomas Reilly, fireman. Several others were injured. The Secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce estimates the loss to that city by the recent great storm at \$4,688,000.

—The snow blockade on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad, between Reading and Wilmington, was raised on the 16th. It was learned on the 16th, in New York, that the pilot boat Starbuck, supposed to have been lost with all on board, had been passed on the 15th, near Absecon Inlet, running under jury masts. All the New York pilot boats have been heard from and all are safe. A passenger train on the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad is still stalled in the snow at Parkville. The passengers have found

refuge in farm houses. The Lehigh Valley and Jersey Central roads were opened to New York on the 16th. Coal and freight trains are still abandoned. The Western Union Telegraph Company on the 16th had two wires working between New York, Philadelphia and Washington, at they were not in good order.

Three, and perhaps four, women have been murdered in New York since the afternoon of the 15th. Michael Sheehy while drunk, brained a wife with a poker; Frederick Schillig stabbed his wife to death, and Frederick Corralin lacked a woman's head to pieces with a hatchet. Mary Soans was found dead in her room in New York on the morning of the 16th with a bullet through her heart. Her husband, who said she had committed suicide, was arrested.

At Waterville, Maine, on the 13th, the Coroner's jury found a verdict of murder against D. M. Warren, who killed his wife. He was allowed to see his children, Cora, aged 8, and Annie, aged 3 years. When the officers were not looking he drew a revolver and shot both the children and then killed himself. Cora is dead and Annie is mortally wounded.

50th CONGRESS.—First Session.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 13th, a bill was reported and placed on the calendar to readjust the war claims of Pennsylvania under the President's proclamation of June 18th, 1863. A resolution offered by Mr. Hale for the appointment of a special committee to examine the present condition of the civil service was agreed to. Mr. Beck's bill for the retirement of legal tender and national bank notes of small denominations and the issue of gold certificates in lieu of gold certificates was taken up and supported by Mr. Beck. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 14th, Mr. Brown, of Georgia, called for his resolution, offered on January 4th, declaring it the imperative duty of Congress to repeal the internal revenue laws at the earliest date practicable. He spoke in support of the resolution. The Select Committee on Civil Service was announced, with Mr. Hale as Chairman. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 16th, Mr. Blackburn's desk was decorated with a floral tribute in the form and color of a United States flag, from the Hancock Veteran Association, of Philadelphia, in recognition of his defense of the memory of General Hancock and McClellan. Mr. Butler introduced a bill, which was referred, for the admission of Utah as a State. The Undersecretary bill was passed. A Committee of Conference on the Urgent Deficiency bill was appointed. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House on the 13th, the bill providing that the first session of the Fifty-first Congress shall begin March 4th, 1889, was reported adversely. Bills were reported favorably for the erection of an army gun factory and to provide for the public defense; discontinuing the coinage of the \$3 and \$1 gold pieces, and for the admission into the Union of Dakota, Montana and New Mexico. Adjourned.

In the House on the 14th, Speaker Carlisle resumed the chair, and was greeted with applause. The report of the Committee on Elections in the Illinois case of Worthington vs. Post was presented, confirming Mr. Post's right to his seat. The Senate bill fixing the price of passports at \$1 was passed. Pending consideration of private bills, the House adjourned.

In the House on the 15th, under the call of States the following bills and resolutions were introduced and referred: By Mr. Oates, of Alabama, to prevent cruelty to domestic animals; also to restrict the rights of aliens in regard to naturalization and the ownership of land. By Mr. Biggs, of California, by request, to provide for the settlement of the debt of the Central Pacific Railroad Company to the United States. By Mr. Baker, of Illinois, resolution directing the Committee on Agriculture to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting the sale of commodities as pure land. By Mr. Dingley, of Maine, providing that the payment of duties on imported distilled and fermented liquors shall not be held to authorize their sale contrary to law. By Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, fixing the compensation of the Commissioner of Labor at \$5,000. By Mr. MacDonald, of Minnesota, for the forfeiture of the Hastings and Dakota Railroad land grants in Minnesota. By Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, relating to tariff and internal taxation.

In the House on the 15th, Mr. White, of New York, offered a resolution of inquiry in regard to certain rulings of the Postmaster General in regard to the mailing in Canada of seeds, plants and bulbs grown on American soil, and what authority of law there is for such rulings. The resolution was referred. The Urgent Deficiency bill was considered, pending which the House adjourned.

In the House on the 16th, a bill was reported to annex a portion of Idaho to Washington Territory. The Indian Appropriation bill was reported and referred to the Committee of the Whole. The Urgent Deficiency bill was considered, the Senate amendments were disposed of and a conference committee appointed. An evening session was held for the consideration of pension bills. Adjourned.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose and invincible determination can accomplish almost anything; and on this lies the distinction between great men and little men.

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded, as ought, but it will always be known.

Forever all goodness will be most charming; forever all wickedness will be most odious.

A Gem of The Ho-

Joy met Sorrow in a place,
Where the branches interlace,
Very secret, still and soft,
Safe from all prying eyes.
"Why art thou here?" Joy started, cried,
"Why art thou here?" Sorrow sighed.

"I came here to weep," said Joy,
"Tears are over my employ."
Murmured Sorrow, "Yet I see
Tears as grateful here to thee.
Come, young one, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o'er fraught."

Joy sat down on Sorrow's feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet,
Pain would make kind return;
"Sorrow, as I too old to learn;
Nay? The tarry yet awhile,
Till I've taught thee how to smile."

Since that hour the two have been
Bound by mysterious kin;
Since that hour they too exchange
Tears and smiles, 'tis nothing strange
If sometimes a pained heart
Sorrow can tell the twain apart.

WHAT CAME OF IT?

Stuart Willard was a kind-hearted boy, frank, generous, honest and truthful, but he was a little despondent of ever seeing him another to anything. She was a widow, with no one to help her train her son, and neither advice, exhortation nor argument had any effect upon him. He studied no more than was actually necessary to enable him to keep up with his classes, had no ambition to be at the head of any of them, and worked as little as possible about the house, though love and consideration for his mother prevented him from ever shirking his regular duties, such as milking the cow, cutting wood and bringing water. But he stared at her as though she were a stranger, and he should take entire charge of the garden, devoting to it his time before and after school hours, thus saving the expense of hiring help.

"O mother, I never could," he said, "the weeds would be higher than my head in a month's time; I'm no hand at a rake or a hoe."

"You're no hand at anything, so far as I can see," said his mother. "There will have to be a radical change in you, Stuart, if you expect ever to win money or position."

"I don't know that I care for either," answered Stuart. "I'm not one of the pushing kind. A quiet life suits me best."

"And you'll be content to see all your friends get ahead of you, I suppose?"

"Now, mother, don't worry"—and Stuart looked really distressed. "I'll come out all right never fear."

"There'll have to be a miracle worked, then," said Mrs. Willard, sighing. "Laziness is the one fault of your character, and it will keep you down all your life."

Though adverse to exertion of any kind, Stuart was a fun-loving boy, always ready for a frolic, and not at all to think, and repentance was too late to be of any avail, of the right or wrong of the good time. And he had three particular friends, who, in boy parlance, "never stuck at anything," when there was fun ahead.

They all considered old Simon Peiffer, the richest man in Westville, fair game, for it was well known that he hated anything in the shape of a boy, and never spoke to or looked at one, little or big, without growling like the rough old bear he was believed to be.

He was an old bachelor, and lived with a housekeeper and half a dozen servants in a handsome house in the suburbs of the town, and he might have thoroughly enjoyed his large grounds, fine orchards, and well-bred live stock, but for the boys of the town, who mischievously milked his cows, stole his fruit, fished in his trout pond, broke down his fences, left his gates open, and made themselves generally obnoxious.

The outposts always managed in some way to escape detection. Well did they know the terrible example that would be made of the first boy old Simon caught. He openly declared that he would show no mercy, and would know how to deal with the offender.

We never know how our most trifling impulses, if acted upon, may affect the lives of others. When Ben Hopper stopped one May evening at the gate of the little cottage in which Stuart lived, and asked if he didn't want to go out to the old mill on the Creek road to hunt squirrels, no intuition told him that he was doing something which was to lead to an event that would influence all the rest of Stuart's life. Stuart accepted the invitation, of course, and on their way out of town the boys were joined by Tom Halpine and Luke Wright, who were quite as fond of squirrel-hunting as were Stuart and Ben.

For at least half a mile after leaving the town the Creek road was bounded on one side by a pasture belonging to Mr. Peiffer, and so generously did it abound with chestnut, persimmon and crab-apple trees that the boys were familiar with every rod of it.

But it was not the season now for chestnuts, persimmons or crab-apples, and the squirrel-hunting party would have gone whistling and shouting by, had not a handsome brown horse, quietly grazing the short grass, raised his head at sight of them and whinnied softly.

"I know something we can do a sight better'n squirrel-hunting," said Luke Wright, stopping short. "What do you say to a ride?"

"I'm in for it," answered Tom Halpine. "I don't believe we'd find any squirrels anyhow. They're gettin' so shy they don't come around the mill like they used to."

The brown horse had probably been feeling lonely, and was glad of company, for he made no objection whatever when Stuart let down a pair of bars, and going up to him, took hold of his forelock and led him into the road.

But he objected very vigorously to having four boys on his back at one time, and kicked and careered until he succeeded in ridding himself of all four of them.

"We'll have to take turns riding," said Ben Hopper. "Each fellow can go as far as the bridge, and then turn back."

very easily. He seemed spirited but very gentle, and had evidently been trained to trot.

The boys acted on Ben's suggestion, and took turns at trying the animal's paces, enjoying themselves so much that they were loath to end the sport when it began to grow dark.

"I must have one more ride, and then I'll be even with the rest of you and we can go home," said Stuart, as Luke came trotting up and swinging himself from the horse's back.

"Wouldn't old Simon be in a rage if he should happen along now," said Tom, as he helped Stuart to mount. "This is about the best fun he ever furnished us," laughed Stuart, as he rode away, "and he'll never be any the wiser, either."

He went clattering up the road at a good pace, and the bridge—a rough log structure—was reached too soon, for he thought, "There's no telling when I'll get another ride, and I'd better make the most of this."

But he went even a shorter distance further than he intended, for, half way across the bridge, the horse suddenly stopped, gave a wild snort of terror, and began to back. Stuart saw that the animal was frightened by an old tree which, blasted by lightning and deprived of its bark, stood at the other end of the bridge like a ghostly sentinel, looking almost snow-white in the uncertain light; but, unaccustomed to horses, he did not know what to do, and in his excitement and alarm pulled too hard on one rein. The horse reared, gave a wild whinny, and the next instant went plunging over the side of the bridge into the gulch, nearly thirty feet below.

Strange to say, Stuart escaped serious injury, being only stunned and bruised by the fall, and at the expiration of a few minutes was able to get up from the bed of mud into which he had fallen. But the handsome brown horse did not move; he lay among the weeds and stones with a broken neck.

Stuart could not believe at first that the animal was dead; it seemed too horrible to be true. But all his efforts to rouse the poor creature proving futile, he sat down, sick and white, upon the nearest stone, and shouted to his companions for help.

But his shouts were so faint that it was a long time before they were answered. Then the boys came running up, frightened at his long absence, but utterly unprepared for the dreadful news Stuart had to tell them. They were terribly shocked, and gathered around the dead horse, uttering many expressions of dismay and sorrow.

"I don't know how I shall ever tell old Simon," groaned Stuart. "Boys, he'll just about kill me."

"Tell him!" exclaimed Tom Halpine. "You're surely not going to be such a fool! What's the use of telling him? We'll take away the bridge, and the old fellow will never know but that the horse jumped the fence and fell over here by himself."

"It wouldn't be right to let him think that," returned Stuart. "No, I've got to tell."

"And bring all the rest of us into the muss, too, I suppose," said Ben Hopper.

"No; I'll promise not to mention any of you, there's no need of it that I can see."

"And I can't see that there's anything to be gained by telling Peiffer," said Luke. "It won't bring the horse to life again. What's the use of being such a saint, Stuart?"

"I don't pretend to be a saint," answered Stuart, "but I'm not a coward. I shall tell Peiffer if he kills me the next minute. It's all I can do."

"Oh, you'll think better of it," said Luke, as he removed the rope bridle from the neck of the dead horse. "A night's sleep will cool you off."

But the night brought no sleep to Stuart, so tormented was he by thoughts of the beautiful brown horse lying dead among the weeds and stones below the bridge, and when morning came it found his resolution unchanged. He was, as he had said, no coward, and he intended to confess what he had done, irrespective of consequences.

That Mr. Peiffer would be very severe he did not doubt for a moment. Perhaps the old man would give him a terrible thrashing or put him into jail. He was sure to mete out a punishment equal to the offense, and Stuart knew the offense was very great.

He looked so white and haggard when he came down stairs at 8 o'clock that his mother uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"You're sick, Stuart," she said; "you can go straight back to bed. I'll attend to the horse."

But Stuart shook his head and went out to the stable to attend to the cow himself. He had not told his mother about his misfortune, for he did not want to worry her. It would be time enough to tell her when he had seen Mr. Peiffer.

That she might not suspect that something had occurred to trouble him, he tried to eat his usual allowance of griddle cakes at breakfast, but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he had to give up the attempt in despair.

As soon as he rose from the table he put on his hat and went out, despite his mother's prophecy that the sun would make him feel worse, and turned his steps at once in the direction of Mr. Peiffer's beautiful suburban residence.

He had prepared a little speech with which he intended to begin his confession, but every word of it fled from his mind when he entered Mr. Peiffer's grounds and saw the old gentleman standing only half a dozen yards away, and an angry look on his face and his eyes glaring at a young negro who stood before him looking sullen and defiant.

"You needn't deny it, sir," were the first words Stuart heard. "I wouldn't believe you on oath. You're the dullest fellow I ever had around my stables, but I did think you had sense enough to put the bars up when you turned a valuable horse like that out to pasture! You're discharged, and you needn't ask for a recommendation, for I won't give it!"

With a heart that seemed like a lump of lead in his breast, and hesitating footsteps, Stuart approached the angry pair.

"Mr. Peiffer," he said, in a low, shaken voice. "I want to speak to you, sir."

"Well, speak, and be quick about it," was the rough rejoinder. "You want work, I suppose, and big wages. You may as well leave, for I haven't any work to give you."

"No, sir; I don't want work," stammered poor Stuart. "I want to tell you that I took your horse out of the pasture, and—and—it got frightened and fell over the bridge."

For a moment, it seemed much longer to Stuart in his agony of suspense, the old gentleman stared at him in utter silence, his face fairly purple with rage.

"You—you young reprobate!" he exclaimed at last. "You ought to be shot!"

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered Stuart. "I was never so sorry for anything in all my life as I am for this. But we only wanted to have a little fun, and never thought of hurting the horse."

"You were not alone, then?" said Mr. Peiffer.

"No, sir."

"Who were the others?"

"There's no use in telling that, sir," answered Stuart, true to the promise of secrecy he had made. "I was the one who was on the horse when he fell over the bridge, and it was all my fault. I ought not to have tried to cross the bridge. I might have known he would be frightened at that old tree."

The angry flush left Mr. Peiffer's face, and a very peculiar look came into his keen gray eyes.

"Nevertheless, you had better tell me the names of the boys who were with you," he said. "It will be wise for you to do so."

But the covert threat contained in these last words did not cause Stuart to waver an instant. He was very generous as well as brave.

"I told the boys I wouldn't, sir," he answered respectfully.

"They didn't offer to come with you, I suppose?"

"There was no need of it, sir."

"Well, am I to look only to you to pay me for my horse?"

Pay him! Stuart stared at the old gentleman aghast. The thought of paying for the horse had never entered his mind.

He knew payment was out of the question. He had not a dollar of his own in the world, and it was only by the strictest economy that his mother managed to make her small income cover their necessary expenses—they did not indulge in luxuries of any sort.

"That horse was a thoroughbred," continued Mr. Peiffer, his keen eyes still fixed on the boy's white, distressed face. "I paid six hundred dollars for him the day before you broke his neck."

"Six hundred dollars!" gasped poor Stuart, his face growing whiter still.

"H, Mr. Peiffer!"

"I can show you the receipt for the money if you want to see it. I have it here," tapping his breast pocket. "Costly fun you had, eh?"

Stuart tried to speak, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"You haven't any money I suppose?" said Mr. Peiffer.

"No, sir; not a dollar."

"You must work it out, then. Are you willing to do that?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" cried Stuart, the color coming back to his face. "I'd be glad to do anything to pay you."

"Very well; report to me to-morrow morning at my factory. I'll see what I can do for you."

Mr. Peiffer turned away, and without another word went into the house and closed the door.

With a feeling of profound relief Stuart went home and told his mother all about that piece of costly fun, its tragic ending and the bargain he had made.

"Mr. Peiffer is the man to get the worth of the horse out of you before he lets you go," was Mrs. Willard's first comment, "but you did only what was right in going straight to him with the whole story, my son. It must have required a great deal of courage, and I am proud of you."

Stuart was deeply touched by his mother's praise, and the consciousness that he deserved it made him almost happy, in spite of the load on his heart.

It was a load that grew less with every day; for he soon became very useful in the factory, and as he wrote a good hand and was quick at figures, he was put into the office and taught how to keep the books and invoice goods. In this way he learned every detail of the business.

It was very hard at first, of course, for Stuart's great fault stood in the way of his progress. But no one could be lazy very long where Mr. Peiffer was, he was such an energetic, industrious man himself, and he seemed to take particular pleasure in pushing Stuart along.

Stuart ascribed this at first to malice, and a desire for revenge; but he thought differently when he knew Mr. Peiffer better. He found that a kind heart beat under that exterior, and that the old gentleman appreciated at their full value the virtues of truth, sincerity and manliness.

It was two years before the subject of the debt Stuart owed his employer was mentioned between them. Then one day Mr. Peiffer called the young man into his own private office.

"I've been expecting for some time that you would speak to me about that six hundred dollars you owe me, Willard," he said; "but you have not mentioned it."

"I felt sure you would tell me when I had worked it out, sir," replied Stuart.

"If I say I consider the debt paid now, you will be wanting to leave me, I suppose," said Mr. Peiffer.

"Not if you want me to stay, sir. I shall not go to school again. I am 18 years old, and it is time I began to help my mother. I'll stay here if you want me to do so, sir."

Mr. Peiffer gave a short laugh.

"That's modest, Willard, when you know as well as I do that I couldn't get along without you now. The day you came to me like the brave, honest boy you are, and confessed that you had killed my horse, I made up my mind that you were the boy I needed here. It was worth more than six hundred dollars to me to find some one on whose

truth and honesty I could rely implicitly. If you stay with me, Willard, I'll allow you a good salary from this day forward, and there'll be an excellent chance for promotion to something a good deal better."

Of course Willard stayed, and the "something a good deal better" proved to be a junior partnership at the end of eight years' service.

So you see Stuart had reason to be thankful that the principles of honesty and truth, instilled into him by his widowed mother, led him to make the confession which resulted in curing him forever of his great fault, and placing him in a position of honor and trust.

HOW A BLIND MAN SEES.

The Extraordinary Case of a Western Man.

Many instances have been related showing that defection in any one or more of the human senses often result in developing the corresponding inner sense. This has been more frequently observed in persons afflicted with loss of sight and hearing. One of the kind is interestingly described in a late issue of the Chicago Herald, which can be safely taken as one of the most remarkable on record.

Mr. Henry Hendrickson, born in Norway forty-three years ago, but who has lived in this country forty years, was deprived of sight when six months old. He was educated at the institution for the blind in Janesville, Wis., and is the author of a book entitled "Out of the Darkness," somewhat in explanation of the mediumship with which he is becoming endowed, although unable to account for it in any manner satisfactory to himself or conformable to the known laws of physical science.

The narrative states that he is well educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and, with glasses which hide his completely closed eyes, one would scarcely recognize him as a blind man. For the last twenty years he has seldom used an escort, except when in great haste, and when going on territory entirely strange to him. Many people who have observed the facility with which he moves from place to place doubt that he is totally blind, but he has been put under the severest tests, and those who have made the investigations are convinced that he cannot see.

Describing his habits to the reporter, he said: "When in a train at full speed I can distinguish and count the telegraph poles easily, and often do it as a pastime, or to determine our speed. Of course I do not see them, but I perceive them. It is perception. Of course my perceptive qualities are not in the least impaired on account of my blindness. I am not able to explain it, but I am never in total darkness. It is the same at midnight as at midday. There is always a bright glow of light surrounding me."

A practical test was made. A thick, heavy cloth was thrown over his head as he sat in his chair. This hung down on all sides to his waist. It was impossible for any one to see through it. Then before him or behind him, it mattered not, an ordinary walking cane was held up in various positions, and in answer to the inquiry: "In what position am I holding it?" he gave prompt and correct answers, without a single mistake, sometimes describing acute or oblique angles.

"I have never," he said, "by the ordinary sense of sight seen an object in my life, not the faintest glimmer of one. My sight of discernment does not come in that way. This will prove the idea to you: Take me into a strange room, one that I have never been into, and never heard about, and no matter how dark it is, I can tell you the dimensions of the room very closely. I do not feel the walls; I will touch nothing; but there is communicated to me by some strange law of perception the size and configuration of the room."

He then related that, being in New York in 1871, he walked from Union Square to a friend's house on Forty-first street, a long distance, with several turns, and did not make a miss. He said: "I knew the house when I came to it. I did not see it, and yet I did. I am studying shorthand, and as my hearing is very good, I expect to become an expert. I had a little trouble with my writing at first, but am now able to write very well."

Another remarkable illustration of his power to see without eyes in this: If one makes motions in the air like beating the time for a choir, but describing phonetic characters, he tells the characters and interprets them. What might be termed a "crucial test" of this was given the Herald reporter.

Mr. Hendrickson further said: "I'm a very good skater, and can, when gliding over the ice swiftly, see every particle on the ice, every crack and rough spot, no matter how small and indistinct. The faster I go, the plainer I can see. Well, I don't mean that I can see, but I perceive, or something. It is light to me, and I discern everything."

One Glass of Wine.

A glass of wine, for instance, changed the history of France for nearly twenty years. Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans race, confiscated their property of £200,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Freedom from the risk of lead poisoning by using glazed earthenware is said to be secured from varnishing the glazed surface with borosilicate of lime.

Excavations at the extremity of the Bois de Boulogne, in the environs of Paris, have brought to light the remains of a lake dwelling. They consist of piles and a great quantity and variety of bones.

FASHION NOTES.

—Black lace hats and bonnets are high in favor for half-season wear, and are brightened by a cluster of velvet jonquils or pansies of golden hearts, or a gold-colored bow.

—Very new bonnets are of buckram, black, white or colored, with the new gold passementerie in leaf designs sewn thickly over it, or else gold filigree or fine gold spangles.

—China crepe, duchesse lace, shot gauze or tulle, frosted with silver, are favorite garnitures for the golden hats and capotes, and soft tips and crushed roses the correct adjuncts.

—The fountain brooch—a lion's head of enamel with a falling diamond for water—and the dog's head of black onyx with collar of pearls, are more striking than pleasing in new jewelry.

—Mandolin and zither music, in the next room or the hall, is part of the entertainment at fashionable New York dinners, high teas, and the little suppers where there are only a few chosen guests.

—Pinked flounces begin to rage and the correct width is from five to eight inches. The lowest one should go all round, as a finish to the skirt, whether or no the drapery allows it to be seen.

—Lace is now used as a skirt trimming in flat, lengthwise bands in double rows, with the points meeting under a button or bow and the plain edge hidden by a pleat of the gown stuff overlapping it.

—When the overdress and skirt are of contrasting colors the draperies are made very long, revealing but a small portion of the skirt. A pleasing variety is afforded by finishing the lower edge in square tabs, points or scallops.

—Checked and striped colored handkerchiefs are being received with some degree of favor. Ladies of refined tastes, however, prefer white handkerchiefs, or those with delicate colored embroidery, for use upon all occasions.

—Among the newest shades of color are malatesta, a warm russet brown; old oak, antique blue with a tinge of green, osage, a dark blue gray, heart of the sea rose, a peculiar pink, for evening wear; and Cordova, a pale golden shade of terra cotta.

—A very chic street dress, just from Paris, is a long redingote of long gray wool, falling straight and plain over a pleated skirt of gray silk, and with wide woolen revers, rolled back from a pleated chemise of the same gray silk.

—The jersey has taken a new lease of life, and in half-inch stripes with fitted back, blouse front and deep sailor collar or else with tucked yoke and ribbon waistbands, is the favorite bodice for wearing out skirts whose waists are utterly passé.

—Full waists of bright-colored wool goods, with collar, cuffs, yoke and belt of black velvet, are worn by young ladies with various skirts, and make very effective home dresses. Sometimes, instead of using velvet, the decorative portions are heavily braided with some contrasting color.

—Newmarkets for traveling wear are chosen in gray suède or tobacco brown, or for very young women cream color, and are made with bell sleeves and collar, pockets, cuffs, belt and hood lining of silk in a prettily contrasting color.

—The shape in hats that has been popular all winter and will still be worn for early spring and summer traveling is the round hat turned up at the back, the trimming of ribbon, velvet loops and feathers placed there and falling well over the crown.

—Feminine hairdressing in Paris now strictly follows a code according to the color of the tresses. Fair hair is to be turned back loosely from the face, so as to form a golden aureole; dark locks must be parted down the centre and smoothly arranged; chestnut tresses may be piled high on the head in Japanese style, with a few curls straying over the forehead.

—Plain velvet will always remain the handsomest of all stuffs; but at present, unless for a lady of mature age, a costume is no longer made exclusively of velvet; the velvet is associated with Louis Quinze brocade, with moire antique, either figured or plain, or perhaps with faille française that has flowered stripes; this combination makes it a costume which can be worn until May, since it is no longer a velvet dress. For a train dress the train is made of velvet, and some of the pleats inserted in the silk breadths which complete the skirt. A part of the corsage is also made of velvet, sometimes the entire back, or only an insertion for the back, a plastron for the front and part of the sleeves.

—Cloth tailor-made dresses have reached a point of perfection this season they never attained before. For some time past it has been a constant effort to combine warmth and grace with lightness and that perfection of fit which is the crowning feature of a fine tailor-made dress. This object has been attained in recent costumes, and it must be a joy to wear them. The dress is made upon twilled silk, the drapery raised here and there but not bunched, the edge finished with many rows of embroidery stitching, narrow braid, a braided pattern or a broad band of feather fur. The line of trimming, often diagonal, comes to a point at the waist and outlines a point of velvet or braided vest, and also of color at the throat. The small "habit" cut is maintained at the back, only instead of perfectly plain lapels, as in the habit, a little fullness is often introduced. The interior finish of gold, hair striped silk or satin lining adds much to the effect of the exquisite workmanship.

—The English jockey Sam Hibbert died recently. He rode the famous One Act when he won the Chester cup in 1856 as low as 71 pounds. Malacca for the Cambridgeshire of 1856, Dalby for the Chester cup in 1865 and 1866, and Lecturer when the latter won the Cesarewitch of 1866.

HORSE NOTES.

—Walter Rollins, the trainer, has returned to Jerome Park from Hot Springs.

—Stuyvesant, with \$14,165 to his credit, heads the Glengarry list of winners for 1887.

—The question of constructing a straight-away course at Monmouth is being discussed.

—A. A. Darden has leased the Norfolk (Va.) Driving Course, located about two miles from the city.

—May 8, 9, 10 and 11 are the dates chosen by J. H. Phillips for a spring meeting at Suffolk Course.

—The brood-mare Alert, dam of Richmond, died at Daniel Swigert's Elmendorf Stud, in Kentucky 5, aged 21 years.

—The American Jockey Club has opened the great Titan stakes for 2-year-olds, to be run at the autumn meeting.

—Milton Young, of the McGrathina Stud, has sent the famous mares Spinaway and Wanda to be bred to Spendthrift.

—Captain Brown has the 4-year old Sunbeam and nine 3-year-olds in training at a farm thirty miles north of Louisville.

—J. B. Haggin, Radebo del Paso, Cal., has lost the bay mare Twilight, foaled 1875, by Norfolk, dam Kate Gift by Ledi.

—J. Prior, of Providence, R. I., has purchased the chestnut gelding Earl, 2:29, by Revenue, from Ulton Bros., of Merchantville, Vt.

—The horse Count Luna, Price, the owner, and Tribe, the jockey, ruled off at New Orleans about two weeks ago, have been reinstated.

—Three weeks racing will be given by the Directors of the Ohio Centennial, which will open at Columbus on September 4 and close on October 19.

—There will be a trotting meeting at the Pimlico Course September 10 to 15, under the auspices of the Maryland Agricultural and Mechanical Association.

—John Splan was in Philadelphia. It is said that Splan will drive Harry Wilkes and the rest of the Sire Brothers' horses this year, in place of Frank Van Ness.

Send for new map of Northwest.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Christ the Song.

"Now will I sing to my Well Beloved a song concerning my Beloved."—Isa. 5.

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Saviour. There is something in the morning light to suggest Him, and something in the evening shadow to speak His praise. The flower breathes Him, the star shines Him, the cascade proclaims Him, all the voices of nature chant Him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak His praise. When I come in the summer and pluck a flower, I think of Him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting eave, I say:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding-board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding-board, and then struck back again upon the ears of the people. And the ten thousand voices of earth rising, find

THE HEAVENS A SOUNDING-BOARD, which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell His glory, and the earth shows His handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the beating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite paths into the speech of uncouth fishermen; it lifted Paul into the seventh heaven; and it broke upon the ears of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders, and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you benediction, speak praises of Jesus.

THE ELECTRIC WORD.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out, "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be

THE CRADLE SONG.

What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fibre of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhere. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in recutting your name on the tombstone, your great-grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

PRESERVING POWER.

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street, he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul-mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them houseplants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exorcise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus the cradle-song.

This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and the little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and

THE CRADLE WILL BE EMPTY, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolation, and a sighing at night-fall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow and a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely, anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the

wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school-girl asks for a scotch or a glee; but her grand-mother asks for "Balerna" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music-board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfathers will not trust it in Church, still he has the psalm-book open before him, and he sings with his so. He hums his grandchildren asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting-house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit, and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving-day in my pulpit, in Syracuse, New York, and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at ninety-eight years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you my son," said the old man, "I heard that seventy years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire, and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eye-sight can not see. It was

THE SONG OF SALVATION.

Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Blessed the Bible, in which spectacles old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn-out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer! Blessed the hymn-book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song. I speak to you again of Jesus as

THE NIGHT SONG.

Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me, to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse put out another star; domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom come,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last."

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night!

FOR THE POOR.

who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that beset the beggar's bowl, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent-day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the "sharp-shooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and the pale cheek, and the lustreless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun-shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others pouring up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus. Songs in the night! Songs in the night!"

THE SABBATH SONG.

The Sabbath-day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church and Quaker meeting-house and sailors' Bethel and kings' chapel and high-towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves or struck the icebergs or floated off into the Western pines or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory-girls and the children in the Sabbath-class and the trained choir in great assemblies. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in

the stag-hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea-hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Scripture lesson; Jesus for the baptismal font; Jesus for the sacramental cup; Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church aisle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs and one benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens what shall it be? If you chose to break the silence of this auditory there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices, crying out, "Let it be Jesus! Jesus!"

WE SING HIS BIRTH.

the barn that sheltered Him, the mother that nursed Him, the cattle that fed beside Him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing His ministry—the tears He wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who, from the bier, bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by a boy with five loaves and two fishes being the suture for a whole army. We sing His sorrows—His stone-bruised feet, His aching heart, His mountain loneliness, His desert hunger, His storm-pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through His last moments and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against His cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchres, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We

SING HIS RESURRECTION.

the guard that could not keep Him, the sorrow of His disciples: the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as He went through treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until He came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the Conqueror. I say once more, Christ is

THE EVERLASTING SONG.

The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throats sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now; but I hope, by the grace of God, we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell, which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Saphir's wit and Philosophy.

"Jesus, my dear home,
Name me for happy to me;
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace in Thee?"

You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills, crying, "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea—whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be

A SAILORS SONG.

They were voyagers once and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim they were safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers passed, the light-houses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed. Ay, it will be

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones die before they are ten years old. When you think of the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes; and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around the throne!

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in that song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the symbols and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers who assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing-floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woes against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died.

Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the Gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said, "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" It was not a choir of earth that she heard, but

THE CHOIR OF HEAVEN.

I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the "Crystal Palace," stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion, it was the first one of the kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was overwhelming. But oh,

THE GRANDER SCENE.

when they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, and Jesus shall stand before that host to conduct the harmony, with His wounded hands and His wounded feet! Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and Amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other assemblage, may I join that!

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the hundred and fifteenth Psalm of David; and when he came to the words, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before Him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, falling upon our faces, and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

Saphir's wit and Philosophy.

A lady having expressed surprise that Dr. X. should pronounce all his patients, even those who merely had feverish colds, seriously ill, Saphir said: "He is quite right, anybody whom he attends is really in danger."

"I won't make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir in a narrow passage, when at first neither seemed disposed to give place. "Oh! I will with pleasure," replied Saphir, stepping aside and bowing courteously.

Standing in a crowded theatre some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

An Australian prince, who was also an archbishop, swore horribly at a banquet and, perceiving that Saphir looked at him in surprise, angrily asked the cause of his astonishment. "I thought an archbishop would not allow himself to swear," answered the wit. "I was not swearing as an archbishop, but as a prince," explained the prelate. "Ah," said Saphir thoughtfully, "but suppose the devil fetches the prince, what will become of the archbishop?"

Detecting Counterfeits by Feeling.

A bank cashier says that the best way to tell a counterfeit bill is by sound and feeling. "Take a bill firmly between the thumb and index finger of your left hand and pull it quickly through your fingers like this. Now listen to the sound it makes. It is not just like rubbing silk, and neither does it resemble a paper rustled closely. It's a noise that is too peculiar to admit of description."

"Do they make counterfeit paper so like the original that you can't tell the difference?"

"You can't tell by looking at it. It is only by the sound and touch. Now listen to the sound made by this counterfeit \$20 bill. You see, that's a slick noise, something like pulling glazed or oiled paper through the fingers. A child could tell the difference between that bill and a genuine one. But look at it and you will think your eye is on something that would pass muster for \$20 worth of groceries."

"Who taught you this business?"

"Oh, my first lesson was given by an old man who has been all over this country and Europe teaching the business. He has in his possession over 1,000 specimens of counterfeits. He obtained them from the authorities of the different governments. He has no peer in the business, and every expert in the country owes his knowledge to this old man."

M. Viennet, principal medical officer at the medical hospital at Oran, states that excessive sweating at the feet, under whatever form it appears, can be quickly cured by carefully conducted friction with the sublimate of bismuth, and even in the few cases where this suppresses the abundant sweating only temporarily it still removes the severe pain and the fetid which often accompany the secretion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1893.

First Quarterly Review.

HOME READINGS.

Monday, March 19: Lesson I. Matt. 14: 1-12. Lesson II. Matt. 14: 13-21.
Tuesday, March 20: Lesson III. Matt. 14: 22-36. Lesson IV. Matt. 15: 21-31.
Wednesday, March 21: Lesson V. Matt. 16: 13-28. Lesson VI. Matt. 17: 1-13.
Thursday, March 22: Lesson VII. Matt. 18: 1-14. Lesson VIII. Matt. 18: 21-35.
Friday, March 23: Lesson IX. Matt. 19: 16-26. Lesson X. Matt. 20: 17-29.
Saturday, March 24: Lesson XI. Matt. 21: 1-16. Lesson XII. Matt. 21: 33-46.
Sunday, March 25: The Lord's Reign. 1 Cor. 15: 1-28.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: He is Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.—Rev. 17: 14.

I. HEROD AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus.—Matt. 14: 12.

II. THE MULTITUDE FED.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6: 35.

III. JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.—Matt. 14: 27.

IV. JESUS AND THE AFFLICTED.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray.—James 5: 13.

V. PETER CONFESSING CHRIST.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10: 32.

VI. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9: 35.

VII. JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 19: 14.

VIII. A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. 6: 12.

IX. THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Ye cannot serve God and mammon.—Matt. 6: 24.

X. CHRIST'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.—Matt. 20: 28.

XI. CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Psa. 118: 26.

XII. THE SON REJECTED.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1: 11.

REVIEW BIBLE LIGHTS.

Lesson 1.—Superintendent: And the king was grieved; but for the sake of his oaths, and of them which sat at meat with him, he commanded it to be given; and he sent, and bade John in the prison. And his head was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel; and she brought it to her mother (Matt. 14: 9-11).

Scholars: And his disciples came, and took up the body, and buried it, and went and told Jesus (Matt. 14: 12).

Teachers: Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints (Psa. 116: 15).

All: Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! (Num. 23: 10).

Lesson 2.—Superintendent: He took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake and gave the loaves to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitudes. And they took up that which remained over the broken pieces, twelve baskets full. And they that did eat were about five thousand men, beside women and children (Matt. 14: 19-21).

Scholars: Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life (John 6: 35).

Teachers: The bread of God is that which cometh down out of heaven, and giveth life unto the world (John 6: 33).

All: Lord, evermore give us this bread (John 6: 34).

Lesson 3.—Superintendent: And in the fourth watch of the night he came unto them, walking upon the sea. And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is an apparition; and they cried out for fear. But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying (Matt. 14: 25-27).

Scholars: Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid (Matt. 14: 27).

Teachers: Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful (John 14: 27).

All: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me (Psa. 23: 4).

Lesson 4.—Superintendent: But she came and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. And he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs. But she said, Yea, Lord: for even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it done unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was healed from that hour (Matt. 15: 23-28).

Scholars: Is any among you afflicted? let him pray (Jas. 5: 13).

Teachers: The prayer of faith shall save him that is sick, and the Lord shall raise him up (Jas. 5: 15).

All: Bless the Lord, O my soul, . . . who healeth all thy diseases (Psa. 103: 2, 3).

Lesson 5.—Superintendent: Now when Jesus came into the parts of

Cesarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Who do men say that the Son of man is? And they said, some say John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But who say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God (Matt. 16: 13-16).

Scholars: Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven (Matt. 10: 32).

Teachers: For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation (Rom. 10: 10).

All: Yea, Lord: I have believed that thou art the Christ, the Son of God (John 11: 27).

Lesson 6.—Superintendent: And after six days Jesus taketh with him Peter, and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart; and he was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as the light. And behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elijah talking with him (Matt. 17: 1-3).

Scholars: And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him (Luke 9: 35).

Teachers: He received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to glory from the excellent glory (2 Pet. 1: 17).

All: Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them (Heb. 2: 1).

Lesson 7.—Superintendent: In that hour came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And he called to him a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 18: 1-3).

Scholars: But Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven (Matt. 19: 14).

Teachers: It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish (Matt. 18: 14).

All: As for me, I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me (Psa. 55: 16).

Lesson 8.—Superintendent: Then his Lord called unto him, and saith to him, Thou wicked servant, I forgive thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldst not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee? And his Lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due. So shall also my heavenly Father do unto you, if ye forgive not every one his brother from your hearts (Matt. 18: 32-

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS. MAR. 22, 1888.

TERMS.—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—D. F. Luse was to Coburn this week.

—Heavy rain set in Tuesday at midnight.

—Charles Meyer has been on the sick list this week with a slight fever.

—Arb Katherman does not flit as we were erroneously informed last week.

—Last week's snow storm baptized the board walk to the station with a heavy drift.

—The band festival on Saturday evening was well attended and a fair amount was realized.

—George Hoffer, our whilom townsman, moves from Petersburg to Huntingdon where he will run a hotel.

—The first baled hay, shipped east from the lower part of the valley, was by Maj. J. B. Fisher, who baled 12 tons last week.

—Last Sunday was pleasant. Monday was clear and like spring, with a warm sun. Tuesday was cloudy, with rain.

—That veteran Ferguson township Democratic war horse, Shannon McCormick, spent an hour in our sanctum, a few days ago.

—There were two calls to this place last week, by phone for printers but they could not be supplied as Centre Hall printers are busy at present.

—George Weaver, of Rebersburg, tells us that the roads in Miles township were not so badly drifted in 40 years, as by the storm last week.

—Messrs. J. L. Spangler and Judge Orvis, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday in Centre Hall. They evidently know where to get good grub.

—Abraham Horst, formerly of Linden Hall, writes us from Lebanon county, that they had the worst storm there, last week, known for a long time.

—John Arney sustained some severe sprains, on Tuesday, while carrying a bag of seeds down a flight of stairs, he slipped and fell backwards with the load on top of him.

—The town council should notify the supervisors and pike bosses to do something to prevent water from forming ponds where the Brushvalley road crosses the pike in our town.

—Dave Booser has a new hand, W. R. Ream, of Spring Mills, at work in his harness rooms. Mr. Ream plays the bass horn in the band, and is a valuable addition to the organization.

—The county assessors under the act of 1887 are obliged to make return to the commissioners of all the citizens able to bear arms as militia men. They will receive three cents per name for making out the list.

—The merchant who commences to advertise his goods early in the season, never lacks patronage. Spring and summer, the two busiest seasons of the year, will soon open up and this is the time for profitable advertising.

—Shannon McCormick reports an increase of three in Ferguson township's population, in his section. Shannon is hereby appointed a committee of one to see that they are educated to become Democratic voters.

—Rev. Steck's lecture in the Court House, on Tuesday evening, was largely attended. His subject was "Horace Greeley" and he treated it in a very able manner. We are told that hereafter he will direct his attention to this work for which he is well fitted.

—Shirk & Brisban have moved into their new room, the Dinges store room, and have opened up for business. They will rearrange the room and have a refrigerator and meat stand in the back part of the room and in the front part they will keep a stock of groceries.

—Rev. Dr. Jas. D. Wilson, of New York, who was too ill to fill his pulpit, during the last few weeks, is improving again. Some of his ministerial brethren preached for him during his sickness. The doctor has many friends here in this, his native valley.

—Here is the opinion of the editor of one of our exchanges, who evidently believes what he says concerning that class of people who make it convenient to speak disrespectfully of their betters: "He is a natural born blackguard who will stand on the streets and pass unkind remarks about people after they have passed by."

—Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Himes, of Ocoela, joined an excursion to New Mexico some six weeks ago, and are still there enjoying themselves picking flowers, and seeing sights. They left Eugene, however, with his grandpa, D. Hess, at Linden Hall, to get fat on the good things of Pennsylvania, in the mean time.

—A valuable horse of George Emerick, near this place, received probably fatal injuries on Monday night, by getting on the portion of the stall, on which there was an iron rod, which entered the side of the horse near its hind leg, and was found in this dangerous predicament next morning. The wound caused by the iron is a large one and may ruin the animal.

—Samuel H. Goodhart, postmaster at Hubersburg, died on Saturday of consumption, and was buried on Tuesday. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

—Mr. Goodhart was a citizen of all the qualities that make a good man. He was a son of John Goodhart, of Gregg twp., and his loss will be felt in Hubersburg and vicinity. He was one of our most valued friends. Another good man gone.

—We are beginning to feel real proud of our band, at this place, as they have improved greatly in the character and quality of the music they render. Instead of the ripping, tearing, thumping and cracking of instruments, so customary to young musicians and band members especially, their playing is smooth, clear and nicely balanced and is very effective. Music does not consist in a great noise, a blast of wind or rapid manipulation of an instrument, but it is the modulation of sounds so as to be pleasing to the ear, something that will arouse your feelings and stir your soul to its lowest depths.

A BRIDAL PARTY.

On last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wolf, of this place, entertained a large party of young folks who had assembled in response to an invitation to be present in honor of three bridal parties. The bride parties, who are well known in this section, were Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Musser, of near Bellefonte, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel RhineSmith, of near Bellefonte. It is an unusual thing to be able to entertain three bridal parties and this was the unique feature of the evening's gathering. Three bridal parties must be an indication that the young ladies will not let Leap year pass by without improving its privileges and opportunities. It makes a fellow feel as though his turn would be next; the very thought of which sends a cold chill down your back and visions of horror arise before you. Yet, it cannot be such a terrible thing after all for among those assembled none seemed happier than these three couples who have taken the most important step of their lives. During the evening refreshments were served and were in accordance with the importance of the occasion. It was a most enjoyable evening to those present and the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Wolf was highly appreciated.

SAMUEL KENNELLY FORMERLY OF SPRING MILLS KILLED.

On last Monday Mrs. Kennelly of Spring Mills, received a telegram that her son, Samuel who was a fireman on a freight train in Ohio had been killed. On Tuesday morning a special car containing the corpse and a number of friends and relatives of the unfortunate man arrived at Spring Mills. The interment took place at the Georges Valley church on Wednesday afternoon; he was a young man of about 30 years of age. The manner in which he was killed is not exactly known. He was at his post as fireman on an engine, and some manner was thrown or fell, and was instantly killed. The engineer of the train was the first to miss him and upon going back a short distance found the unfortunate man lying along the track, with his head terribly mutilated. From the nature of his injuries, death must have been instantaneous. The deceased was a brother of Mrs. Jas. Smatzler, of this place.

THE PINEY OIL CO.

The Piney Oil Co. had a meeting in this place on Saturday. The company owns a farm in the Venango oil fields, purchased in the early days of the excitement, but the stockholders never realized anything from it. Recently several gas wells have been struck on land adjoining the Piney farm, and this fact has given life to the concern, with a hope that gas may be struck on it, and the stockholders in the end, their patient waiting get a handsome return for the seed sown among thorns. The value of shares was \$300, which were all, we believe, taken in Centre county. Among the shareholders are Peter Hoffer, John Hoffer estate, Wm. Wolf, Lat. Neff, J. G. Laurimore estate, and others. We do hope something will be struck, oil, gas, soft soap, honey, beeswax, cheese, or something that will cure every known disease, even the debilitated pocket books of the stockholders.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

On Sunday evening the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Reformed congregation at this place celebrated their anniversary with appropriate exercises. The building was well filled by seven o'clock when the members of the society appeared and the exercises were opened by Rev. Land. The programme was well arranged and was devoted to the subject of missions. Recitations were delivered by Grace Alexander and Annie Ott; an essay "The Spirit of Missions," by Jennie Kremer; Solo by Emely Alexander; select reading by Mrs. Fleming and the report of the secretary of the society, Miss Aggie Murray, which was a creditable one. A few brief remarks were then made by the pastor encouraging the women in their work and pointed out to them the new fields of usefulness.

NEW DEPARTURE.

Some of the sale bills in Northumberland this season contained the sentence: "Sale to commence at ten o'clock and no dinner." The farmers over there found it necessary to put a stop to the worthless crowd that made it a point to visit every sale only for the purpose of sponging a free dinner.

The same might apply to free funeral dinners, excepting so far as accommodating relatives. The house of mourning is frequently turned into a house of feasting.

It is a common thing for persons to walk 3, 4 and 5 miles to a sale or funeral simply because a free dinner is to be had, and the exhibition of gorging that some display and capacity for putting away "vitells" is astonishing.

THREE MONTHS OF TROUT FISHING.

In less than a month the trout fishing season begins. The law in relation to trout fishing reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill or expose to sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been caught or killed, any speckled trout, save only from the 15th day of April to the 15th day of July, under a penalty of ten dollars for each trout so killed or had in possession, but this act shall not prevent any person from catching trout with nets in waters owned by himself to stock other waters."

NEW GOODS AT GARMAN'S.

The next time you are in Bellefonte take a few moments of your spare time for a visit to Garman & Son's store, on Allegheny street. They have just received their spring and summer stock and have many new styles in dress goods that will be worn during the coming seasons. They have an immense stock of fancy goods, notions, novelties, etc., never opened before in Bellefonte. Don't fail to visit Garman & Son's store when in Bellefonte.

BOOKSTORE SOLD.

Mr. S. W. Bairfoot has sold his Bellefonte bookstore to ex-sheriff Woodring who has already taken possession of same. Mr. Bairfoot has found himself obliged to sell the store on account of delicate health. Mr. and Mrs. Bairfoot intend shortly to occupy their home (the Dr. Neff residence) in Centre Hall, again.

SHOATS WANTED.

Apply at the Centre Hall Roller Mills.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The following letter was handed us for publication and gives a good description of the growth and enterprise of California.

PASADENA, CAL. MAR. 5, 1888.

DEAR BROTHER:—

I am enjoying this delightful climate of California; we took a walk this afternoon and passed by orange groves and through peach orchards, which are in bloom. They tell us this place is not as pretty as it was several years ago, as many of the orange groves have been sold and the ground improved. The history of Pasadena for the past two years reads like an "Arabian Nights" tale. In 1885 it had a population of between two and three thousand, limited improvements had been made, there was not a brick business house in the place, nor a foot of sidewalk, but the fame of the place, its beauty and its climate, were becoming spread abroad by tourists, and invalids who had regained their health. In June 1886 the town was incorporated, and from that time, the development has been rapid; during this year the magnificent Raymond Hotel costing \$250,000 was completed, the Carlton Hotel and a half dozen others, a score of large business places and over eight hundred residences. Three street rail ways were completed and put in operation. Many of the streets were graded and to-day we have more than twenty-five miles of the finest cement walk. All this has been done voluntarily by the property owners. The population of this place to-day is twelve thousand. During the past twelve months an elegant public school building was finished at a cost of \$40,000 without expense to the taxpayers, the property held by the school district in the heart of the city was sold for more than enough to defray the expense of erecting the building supplied with a library, an apparatus room, a large auditorium formed by throwing three rooms into one, classrooms, study rooms, two pianos, also electric bells and all necessary conveniences. We also have an academy a number of private schools and two kindergartens. Pasadena is peculiarly blessed with religious societies; the people here are truly a church going people; in the past twelve months not less than \$300,000 have been expended on church and social institutions and the church property to-day at actual valuation goes over the enormous sum of five hundred thousand, two years ago there were but two churches in the city. People give freely and liberally toward public charities of all kinds, there are eight or nine church organizations here now. The new Presbyterian church is the largest, is not quite completed and will cost over fifty thousand dollars. It is always crowded on Sunday mornings and often turned away for want of room, three weeks ago one hundred members were added to the church. I saw to-day on the street near us a row of Calla Lilies and counted sixteen in bloom. I just thought of how hard we had to coax for one flower in the east. We see all varieties of flowers in bloom. I set out some Carnation plants this afternoon. Our strawberries are blossoming and we have them here the entire year.

C. A. KRAPE.

HAPPENINGS AT COBURN.

Thomas Meyer feels proud, he says its a bouncing big girl. Ed. Cantner came home last week on a visit; from his appearance West Virginia air agrees with him.

On last Tuesday evening about 20 ladies and gentlemen surprised W. H. Kreamer, calling to see him about 9 o'clock, to remind him that the 13th was his 32nd birthday. Billy had expected that the boys would go for him as he helped go for some of the rest, but as everything was kept quiet he thought the boys had forgotten it, when he saw them marching in with boxes, baskets and baskets he knew what was coming. They made it lively for a while, but he took it all in a good humor. About 11 o'clock the ladies prepared refreshments and enjoyed themselves eating oysters, cakes and ice cream. About 2 o'clock we bid Billy good night, wishing him many more happy birthdays.

On Sunday afternoon, we had quite a crowd here, to attend Jacob Witmeyers sale.

Yesterday Mr. Shaffer, our landlord went to Bellefonte to lift his license. Vynalin & Co. will soon lift theirs, to be ready for the 1st of April. I think it not fair that Millheim didn't get license and we did at both places. We could get along with license at one place and would have been a great deal better; but they will have to run the business a little straighter.

Doris Cassler went to Zerby station to saw for Beecher & Sober, yesterday morning. Andy Stover is still confined to the house. Jacob Witmeyer has been on the sick list for a week. Business was very dull last week and don't expect it will be much better till after the 1st of April. W. H. Kreamer is running the mail route between here and Woodbury and reports that business good. By the way I heard the other day that our town had a new name; ask some of the ladies, they can tell you the name. John Martin bought a fine horse and harness and is looking around for a buggy; widows look out for John. John Wieby and lady took a trip to Watsonstown on Saturday and returned yesterday.

O. K.

SQUIBS.

Shaffer is to hang, April 4.

Johnson, the Chester county murderer, has been respited by Gov. Beaver to May 4.

Pay your dues on the Reporter.

Mr. Aaron Harter and Mrs. Arb Catherman are on the sick list; also a little daughter of Mr. Fenstermaker, at the roller mill.

The movement to vacate the pike from the 7 mountains to Bellefonte, is likely to succeed. Let it be vacated, and we get rid of the last of the tooth gates in this section.

Subscribe for the Reporter for the campaign at 10 cents per month. Any one who sends a club of six gets a seventh copy free.

There is only one real gentleman of color in this valley, and Centre Hall has him.

Edward Fye, aged twenty-five years, son of Jacob Fye, of Germany Settlement, six miles north of Snow Shoe, accidentally shot himself with a revolver last Saturday and died on Tuesday from the effects of the wound.

Why suffer sleepless nights with a distressing cough, while a quarter of a dollar invested in "Waller's Cough Syrup" will give instant relief.

APPOINTMENTS MADE BY THE M. E. CONFERENCE.

The business of the Central Pennsylvania M. E. Conference at Williamsport, was completed on Tuesday. Following is the list of appointments for Altoona District:

George Leidy, Presiding Elder. Allegheny, Altoona, Chestnut Ave, J. H. McCord. " Eighth Ave, W. W. Evans. " Fifth Ave, J. B. Stein. " First Church, J. B. Shaver. " Simpson Church, W. R. Whitney.

Bellefonte, D. S. Monroe. Bellwood, A. W. Guyer. Birmingham, T. A. Elliott. Clearfield, J. H. Black. Clearfield Circuit, A. R. Lambert. Coalport, C. A. Biddle. Curwensville, D. H. Shields. Duncansville, O. Hicks. Glen Hope, N. B. Smith, C. W. Rishel. Half Moon, W. F. D. Noble. Hollidaysburg, R. E. Wilson. Houtzdale, R. H. Colburn. Howard, G. E. King. Irvona, G. Trach.

Lumber City, H. N. Minnigh. Martinsburg and Roaring Springs, W. W. Reese.

Milesburg and Unionville, G. W. Bouse. New Washington, A. F. Wharthen.

Osbeola, E. H. Wittman.

Penn's Valley, M. C. Piper.

Phillipsburg, J. H. McGarrath.

Pine Grove, William Brill.

Pleasant Gap, to be supplied.

Port Matilda, Bruce Hughes.

Snow Shoe, J. W. Bedford.

Tyrone, Wallaceton, E. Shoemaker, one to be supplied.

Warrior's Mark, W. A. Carver.

Williamsburg, N. W. Colburn.

Woodbury and Loyalburg, J. W. Ely.

Woodland and Bradford, J. F. Anderson.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

This week while in Bellefonte we had occasion to step in to Garman & Son's store to make a few purchases. Upon entering we found ourselves lost for a moment—piles of new goods on every side, and shelves filled with all the latest novelties, to be had in the eastern markets. We soon came to the conclusion that the firm had received their spring and summer stock and had just finished unpacking same. In conversation with Mr. Ed. Garman, the manager, we learned that they had made a special effort this year to secure the best and finest stock of Dress goods, and Fancy goods, etc., ever opened in Bellefonte. Five years ago, this week, this store was opened in Bellefonte, and was a venture which received a large patronage at the start and has been growing ever since until to-day it ranks as one of the largest and best business houses in the town. They are very careful in selecting their stock so as to have the latest styles and good quality. If you have never been in their store, it will be a treat to see their beautiful line of Dress and Fancy goods.

A DISTINGUISHED PARTY OFF FOR FLORIDA.

Governor Beaver, Adjutant General Hastings, Major General Hartnaff and Brigadier Generals Wiley, Gobin and Snowden, of the National Guards, with Millionaire Robert H. Coleman, of Lebanon, will leave the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, for Florida in Mr. Coleman's private car. The party will return about the 1st of April, and will visit Jacksonville, St. Augustine and the Indian river country. When the National Guard encamped at Mount Gretna, last summer, Mr. Coleman, the owner of the mountain, was very much impressed with the soldiers and spent most of his time among the division and brigade officers, and he concluded to invite them to accompany him on a trip to Florida.

TUSSEYVILLE.

Our school trouble is settled, and there was nothing in it.

Samuel Spangler has returned to his western home again.

The Luckenbach property has been sold to Mr. Rocky.

The big storm of last week closed up our roads. It was a perfect howler, and we don't want another like it.

In one of our stores a few evenings ago, attention was drawn to the fact that our township ticket every spring has had a few names on it that are always spelled the same—have we a little ring on township offices?

The constable of Snyder should let our young men alone.

SPRING GOODS.

We would respectfully announce to our many patrons in Centre co. that we have received an immense line of spring and summer goods. We were in the market in time to select a fine stock and have opened up the same for your inspection. We have an unusually large and complete line of suitings for our merchant tailoring department. Altogether new styles in cloth will be worn for spring and summer and can be seen at our store. Remember that if you want a fine spring suit. You can get it much cheaper now than when there is a rush. Our line of ready made clothing complete and lower in price than ever. Come and see the new styles just received at PHILAD. BRANCH.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

We have just received a new lot of the celebrated Davis and New Home sewing machines, which we are offering at rock bottom prices. We extend an invitation to all to come and see these machines and be convinced that they are the best in the market.

BURMAN & KREAMER.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Watsonstown, Pa. March 15, 1888, by Rev. E. W. Staley, Mr. George H. Shannon and Miss Clara Ketter, all of Watsonstown. The above parties are the guests of Squire Herring's of Penn Hall.

DIED.

In Boggs township, on the 15th inst., after a lingering illness, Mrs. H. L. Harvey, aged about 60 years.

On the 4th inst., in Elk county, Sarah Zerby, wife of Jacob Zerby, aged 57 years, 6 months and 9 days. Interment at Rebersburg, in the Union cemetery.

On the 16th inst., at Aaronsburg, of pneumonia, Freddie Tomlinson, son of Luther W. and Emma Wert, aged 4 years and 29 days.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

—A styles in ruckings.—Garmans.

—Kid gloves and ruckings.—Garmans.

—Harness oil at Booser's harness rooms.

—Gingham, seersucker and satins.—Garmans.

—And Smith of Salona, was in town a few days last week.

—New bead and braid trimming.—Garmans.

—Booser keeps the very best kind of harness oil. try it.

—Grandmother Love, on church street is quite ill with pneumonia.

—We never had so many pretty and attractive goods.—Garmans.

—George Koch, engaged in plastering at Media, Pa. is home on a visit.

—D. C. Gingerick of Oak Hall, takes possession of Snook's store at Millheim.

—Cardinal, garnet, goblin, ecru, serpent and black henrietta cloth.—Garmans.

—Preacher Wortman, of Millheim, denies he signed Mussers license petition.

—Ellis Hosterman is able to be about some again and shows signs of improving.

—Dr. Frank and lady of Millheim stepped off the train at our station one day this week.

—Emanuel Smith, of our town, ill the greater part of the winter, is able to come up street again.

—Will Runkle leaves to-day on the afternoon train for Philadelphia, where he expects to locate permanently.

—Pap Willoc has been on the sick list the last few days and unable to carry the mail to and from the station.

—New goods, new styles, novelties for spring and summer season have been received at Garman's store, Bellefonte.

—The Luckenbach property, near Stone Mill, has been purchased by Luckenbach Rockey, who will erect a new house on it.

—Misses Annie and Kate Harpster took the Saturday morning train for Millburg where they expect to visit friends.

—Mr. George Shannon, son of Rev. G. Shannon, of Sunbury, accompanied by his bride, visited at the home of Wm. Lohr, this week.

—Rev. Miller, the new Evangelical appointment for this charge will preach his first sermon at this place next Sabbath evening.

—John Rishel left on Wednesday afternoon train for Philadelphia where he has secured a position in a large drug establishment.

—Stop in at Flemings, fashionable tailoring establishment, Bellefonte, and see the new styles in gents clothing for spring and summer.

—The Pine Stump school, taught by George Benner, closed the winter term with an entertainment, on Wednesday; was a success in every particular.

—Miss Nettie Zahn, the young lady who has been the guest of Miss Laura Strohm of Centre Hill, left on Monday evening for her home, Erie, Pa.

—The supreme court has decided that if a candidate for office serves on the election board that fact vitiates the election only so far as he is concerned.

—Stover & Mott, the marble men at Bellefonte, received recently a car load of marble and are offering tombstones and monuments at reduced rates.

—Stover & Mott, the marble men 2 Bellefonte buy their marble in car load lots and can put out their work for less money than any other firm in this county.

—Rev. C. M. Rishel, returns to his former appointment at Glen Hope, Clearfield co., which is an evidence that his labors are being appreciated by his congregation.

—The up train on Wednesday morning was delayed by a mass of earth and rocks which had slid down upon the track, during the night, in the cut this side of Spring Mills.

—Fleming the tailor, Bellefonte, has opened up his new stock for suitings, for spring and summer wear. New styles will be worn this year and he has them in stock.

—James McClain, S. M. Buck and Augustus Hoover have purchased the store at the nail works and will conduct it under the firm name of McClain & Co. Success to the new firm.

—It is said that Mr. William P. Duncan, of Phillipsburg, recently realized \$100,000 profit from the sale of mining property. Wm. P. is a native of Aaronsburg, and we rather guess that is the big gest strike any Aaronsburger ever made.

—In the appointments made at the M. E. conference at Williamsport recently, we notice Rev. Heckman pastor at this place has been transferred from the Altoona district to the Williamsport district and has been stationed at Sinnema-honing, Pa.

—Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in men's wear—a full assortment of overcoats "READY MADE." The largest line of hats, caps and furnishing goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale."

MONTGOMERY & CO.

Brockerhoff Row & Humes Block.

—Mrs. Cornelius Bower, of near Aaronsburg, died on the 14th, aged 48 years, 2 mo. and 13 days. She had been sick for several months and death relieved her. Mrs. Bower was a daughter of John Hubler. Her remains were interred in the cemetery at Wolf's school house on last Saturday.

—Johnny Miller gave a birthday party on Tuesday evening at his home on church street. Master John did the square thing by inviting all his friends, and the result was every youngster in town that could turn out was there. Did you ever see a crowd of youngsters? well it was the liveliest happiest and by far the noisiest we ever saw. Some were singing, some were dancing, some were screaming, some playing "tig" some "hide-a-go-seek," others were sliding down steps; and from every quarter mirth and life came